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Public Men and Private Morals

There is an understandable sympathy from members of all parties this week for Mr Jeremy Thorpe after his decision to resign the leadership of the Liberal Party. It was plainly not something that he himself, at least until the very end, wished to do: the final abdication was forced upon him – as his own letter of resignation to the acting Liberal Chief Whip made only too clear – by pressures that he eventually found insupportable. But the stuff, as some have claimed, of 'tragedy'? Hardly in the classic, or indeed the political, sense. Mr Thorpe, after all, had the chance to stand up for a principle – and preferred not to take it. If only he had done what the Young Liberals initially urged him to do – and had firmly and smartly met the forces of prurience head-on – it would be possible to feel that the piece of peep-show theatre the nation has endured over these past three months at least had some point to it. As things stand, however, it scarcely qualifies for inclusion even in the canon of theatrical tragedy. Mr Thorpe himself saw to that by the tactics he pursued over the whole tangled history of the case: first the original flat denial on 29 January, then the grudging expansion of it in the *Sunday Times* on 14 March, followed by his solicitors' injudicious threat to *Private Eye* on 26 April, all culminating in his high-risk (but by no means voluntary) gamble in releasing two effusive though not conclusive letters to the *Sunday Times* last weekend.

Suppose, by contrast, that Mr Thorpe had had the courage to concede from the beginning that he had, as a comparatively young man, enjoyed a warm (though clearly in retrospect unwise) association with Mr Norman Scott; that the latter's allegations in a Barnstaple courtroom, while 'wild', were to him not so much politically threatening as personally wounding – since they came from someone who had once been a close friend; and finally that he had asked not just his colleagues in the Parliamentary Liberal Party but the whole array of British voters to examine their consciences as to whether there were not things in their own pasts that they could recall only with embarrassment and regret. No one, given all the risks of misunderstanding, could possibly pretend that such a course would have offered Mr Thorpe more than a 50/50 chance of survival. But at least he would then have been fighting to establish a principle.

As it is, after Profumo, after Lambton and Jellicoe – and now in the less clear-cut case of Mr Thorpe – we still do not know what the limits of electoral tolerance are as to private behaviour by public men. All, in fact, we have seen, time and again, are further episodes in the continuing story of British hypocrisy. In what we are repeatedly (and sometimes angrily) assured is 'an age of permissiveness', we still seem to be asking Caesar's Wife standards of our politicians.

Even in 1976 we are some way from the more robust, and probably more healthy, approach of American politics in the 19th century. When in the presidential election of 1884 it was discovered that Grover Cleveland had fathered an illegitimate child, his supporters were initially thrown into some disarray – not least because they had been hoping to make a campaign issue out of the habit of his rival, James G. Blaine, of 'peddling' political influence. Their problems, if not solved, were, however, considerably alleviated by the bold announcement of one of Cleveland's most prominent supporters:

> We are told that Mr Blaine has been delinquent in office but blameless in private life, while Mr Cleveland has been a model of official integrity but culpable in his personal relations. We should, therefore, elect Mr Cleveland to the public office he is so well qualified to fill – and remand Mr Blaine to the private station he is so admirably fitted to adorn.

Of course that cannot be taken as a universal formula; but at least it can be regarded as a valuable corrective to the present situation within Britain by which we allow a tiny but totalitarian minority to dictate the rules according to which our public men are expected to conduct themselves. Mr Thorpe may have been merely their latest victim. The rest of us should now resolve that he must be the last.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

A Temporary Fortinbras

Let me begin by apologising – I underestimated Richard Wainwright (NS 23 April) and thought that it would be difficult for such a man to call out Jeremy Thorpe, having once failed already. I was deceived, I suppose, by the man's pixie-like appearance: he looks like something you'd expect to find sitting by a suburban pond, with a fishing rod in hand, a pointed red hat on his head and a plastic flamingo at his side. Yet it was this garden ornament that finally spoke out, and provided the occasion for, if not the cause of, Thorpe's resignation. In Great Yarmouth he had been breathing life into the old embers of Grimondian liberalism, preparing the Young Liberals for the latest extraordinary move by the parliamentary party. When asked if he would stand as leader, he said that the Liberals would not wish to be led by 'a geriatric' like himself. Wainwright is 58. Jo Grimond is 62. It says a lot for the Liberal failure of nerve that the return of Grimond could have been considered by them as the most exciting event for the party and the country. It says something for Grimond that he saw the arrangement could only be temporary.

Grimond is a distinguished survivor: Mao, Kim Il Sung, Enver Hoxha, Gromyko . . . Grimond. When the Liberal Whip, Alan Beith, announced that the crown had been offered yet again to the tatty Orcadian Caesar, we seemed all of a sudden to enter a time-warp. It was the Fifties all over again: tight-waisted full-shirted young girls in stiletto heels were dancing to Bill Haley and the Comets; young men in tapered trousers were empathising with James Dean and Jimmy Porter; Chris Barber and Humphrey Lyttelton were playing every night at the God-knows-where Club; wash-boards and tea-chests provided skiffle; there were luminous socks, the A-line, the H-line and pencil-slim skirts. And my colleague Lord Altrincham had just been rude about the Queen.

Well, I've heard about the Liberal Revival, but this was surely a new twist. It made one wonder whether Lord Avon is finished after all. It shows, too, what an atavistic lot the Liberals are. They seem to think that nothing ever changes. They are marching backwards to the sound of gunfire, laying siege to towns that fell long ago – Orpington, Torrington, the old battlefields. And if they can only retreat far enough, who knows? They may even find themselves in office.

For the other potential leaders in the party, the situation apparently was well under control. David Steel had refused to say whether he would stand, precisely because he wanted to give Grimond a chance. John Pardoe and Emlyn Hooson had egged the old boy on. For Steel, Grimond was the only man who could heal the wounds of the party and put an end to the recriminations. He did not seem to think there was any particular *political* problem about his own possible candidature, or his standing among his parliamentary colleagues. But he doubted whether he was up to the task of reunification. And there were perfectly mundane considerations too – he did not wish to alter his life-style, he wanted to continue going home at weekends, he had found that there was no back exit from his London flat when he was besieged by journalists.

If Steel genuinely lacked the degree of ambition that would make the leadership an attractive proposition, Pardoe was ambitious to a fault. His dispositions were fine – he lives in Hampstead, and he doesn't seem to mind being besieged by journalists. Yet even he was the first to say, at the time when Grimond coyly indicated to the BBC that he would like the job (as long as it was not just a caretaker job), that the return of Jo would be the most exciting thing in British politics for a decade. It's the intellectual stimulus, apparently, the way that Grimond sparks off original thinking all around him. And after all, it was Grimond who brought Pardoe into politics.

Hooson represents a different tradition in the Liberal Party – he's the genuine, old-fashioned article. He's the only MP to have inherited a Liberal seat (in one of the most beautiful parts of the country), instead of wresting it out of the hands of another party. He stands for Liberal conservatism, respectability in the provincial mode. He's the civilised counterpart to the spirit represented by Cyril Smith and David Penhaligon – the Thugs, Thags or Phansigars, the dreaded noosemen of the group.

After Thorpe's resignation, there was a considerable feeling of relief among the Liberals. One party worker told me that he would have resigned and given the whole thing up if Thorpe had been re-elected in the autumn; he said that he would go so far in prostituting himself, but no further. The feeling was that Thorpe had stifled the political growth of the party, had offered no real policy to the electorate. That may be so, but it must be ironical for Thorpe to hear people saying that Grimond stood a better chance now than he had when he was last leader; who was it, after all, who saved the whole show from financial wreck, and built up the organisation that Grimond can now re-inherit?

The Liberals may be under the impression that they have now a chance of formulating real policies and introducing radical changes into their own party. In fact, part of their problem over the last weeks has been the presence of so much undiscussed policy on the agenda. It was impossible for them to elect a controversial leader when the electoral process itself was such a point of controversy. Steel was perfectly clear about this, at least until Grimond had refused to take the permanent job – for the Michael Steed proposals were not ready for putting into effect, even in the autumn, even under the most favourable conditions. And now in *Liberal News* there is a fierce controversy raging over the party's attitude to homosexuality (the rank-and-file appear to find it rather disgusting). So there's quite a lot of policy floating around, one way or another. Indeed, every time Pardoe is asked an embarrassing question on the television, he insists that all he wants to do is talk about policy, so there *must* be some.

On Wednesday, when the college of cardinals was in session, and we were waiting for the white smoke, Mr Grimond's own policies were being hawked around the streets of London by the *Evening News*. They made predictable reading:

> I see a break in the political clouds which have frustrated the Liberals. We must go for it like a bullet.

It was that old fly-blown rhetoric again. How can you be frustrated by a cloud? and how many bullets have sufficient velocity to go for a break in the clouds? There was a suggestion that 4 per cent (*sic*) was too much for the unions to demand, and that they should be content with less rather than more. There was a policy of Home Rule for Scotland in everything but foreign affairs, defence and 'major economic planning' (as if the evasion contained in 'major economic planning' would fool any devolutionist). There was the old Jenkins line on the level of public expenditure. And there was the old Thatcher view that the Labour Party had given in to the Corporate State.

It was all fine, empty, electioneering stuff ('Let the Liberals promise no manna from heaven or foreign creditors or North Sea oil.' Wot – no North Sea oil?) and was no doubt designed to put the Liberals themselves in a good mood, as they sat chewing their nails, waiting for the result to be declared. They had hoped that Grimond would emerge like Fortinbras, to stand at the centre of the corpse-littered stage and declaim:

> For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
> I have some right of memory in this kingdom
> Which now to claim my vantage doth invite.

Alas, Mr Grimond turned out to be a mere temporary Fortinbras, and the vision of the Fifties – an illusion.

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Eric Heffer

The Price of the TUC Deal

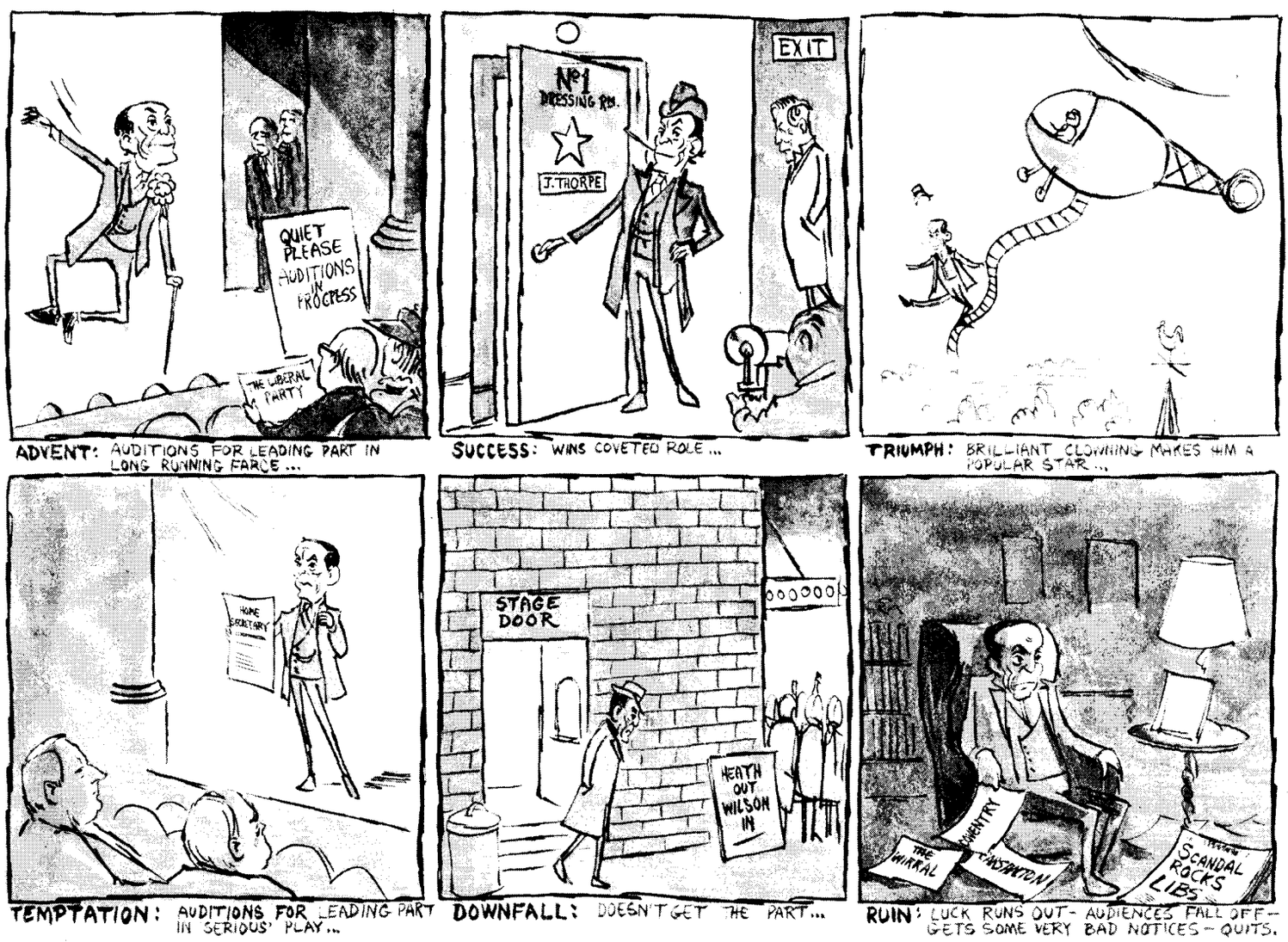
The Government/TUC wage deal proves conclusively that it is not the TUC who are determining government policy. It is in reality the other way round. To say this of course runs counter to the popular myth, encouraged by Tory and Liberal politicians and some sections of the press, that Britain is at the moment groaning under trade union tyranny. It may have been the difference between mythology and reality which inhibited Sir Geoffrey Howe, causing him to fluff his questions to Denis Healey following the announcement of the pay deal in the Commons. If the trade unions were dominating the Government why then did Jack Jones in a speech in Somerset last Friday have to call for special assistance to pensioners, the disabled etc., and again reiterate the demand for import controls? Heavy bargaining had supposedly just taken place and during the discussions such demands must have been made. If not, they should have been.

Trade unions today are powerful organisations, much more so than they used to be, and their cooperation must be sought by any government that believes in a pluralist society. However, despite their power, which at times has led some TU leaders to believe that they are the modern equivalent of the feudal barons, power has not shifted irreversibly to working people and their families. That objective still remains on the agenda and I fear will be there for a long time to come.

The General Council of the TUC have inadvertently been hoist with their own petard. They rightly opposed 'In Place of Strife'. They also opposed the Tory Industrial Relations Act, as well as any type of statutory wages policy, and to avoid such legislation in the future entered into a 'social contract' with the Labour Party during its period in opposition. Part of that contract was a wages policy, although it was not considered by trade unionists to be the main part. Despite this, wages have become the central issue of the contract. It is of course true that the Government can claim that it has fufilled most of its side of the bargain. The Tory Industrial Relations Act has been removed from the statute book and replaced by a new Trade Union Act giving the unions rights they never enjoyed before. Nevertheless, other parts of the contract have either been ignored or had their teeth drawn.

Wages have been the dominant issue and some TU leaders have become mesmerised by what many socialists regard as false arguments. Instead of using the power of the unions to get the best possible deal, some of them used their invective to attack those Labour MPs who have had the temerity to suggest that the Government's economic strategy may be wrong. MPs do not claim to represent the trade union movement, but at least they are elected not appointed, and they have to stand for regular election, in contrast to some of those who are their sternest critics. Perhaps it has not occurred to such TU leaders that the MPs who are being critical are giving voice to fears and worries of rank-and-file trade unionists, who at the moment may feel that their views are not being fully taken into account. That rank-and-file trade unionists are uneasy is evidenced by the large number of resolutions on trade union conference agendas, which are either critical of wage restraint policy or want to see a change in government economic policy. Some trade unionists are totally opposed to the whole concept of a social contract.

The TUC/Government agreement may have appeared satisfactory on the day it was concluded, thanks to the favourable pub-


QUIET PLEASE AUDITIONS IN PROGRESS
THE LIBERAL PARTY
ADVENT: AUDITIONS FOR LEADING PART IN LONG RUNNING FARCE...
EXIT
No 1 DRESSING RM.
J. THORPE
SUCCESS: WINS COVETED ROLE...
TRIUMPH: BRILLIANT CLOWNING MAKES HIM A POPULAR STAR...
HOME SECRETARY
TEMPTATION: AUDITIONS FOR LEADING PART IN SERIOUS' PLAY...
STAGE DOOR
HEATH OUT WILSON IN
DOWNFALL: DOESN'T GET THE PART...
THE WIRRAL
COVENTRY
HASTINGTON
SCANDAL ROCKS LIBS
RUIN: LUCK RUNS OUT- AUDIENCES FALL OFF- GETS SOME VERY BAD NOTICES - QUITS.

The Rake's Progress

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licity it received, but the shine may well have become tarnished by the time the TUC has its special meeting on 16 June. Tony Benn, speaking at the miners' conference in Southport, was right to say that the wages policy was a strategy to be freely entered into, and when agreed would depend on goodwill and cooperation, but he was wrong to suggest that the agreement was not cooked up behind closed doors by top people. This was precisely what did happen, due to the clever manoeuvrings of the Treasury mandarins.

Over the past 12 months working people have made great sacrifices, although to some extent this has been masked by the fact that the £6 limit helped the lower paid. This coming year living standards will fall by about 2 per cent, possibly more, and it is clear that commodity prices will step up retail prices much more than the proposed wage/tax agreement will alleviate hardship. The discontent among trade unionists to which I have already referred will explode into open anger, particularly if unemployment levels are not dramatically reduced and if price rises continue.

During last year's Labour Party conference, Ian Mikardo, at the *Tribune* meeting, accused the majority of the TUC General Council of being bad bargainers, and argued that in return for the £6 limit they should have got more. On reflection, Mikardo was right and if this year he repeats his accusation, he will be even more right. Having said that, let me hasten to add, for fear of being misunderstood, that I am in favour of a voluntary wages policy and have never at any time agreed with those of my left-wing colleagues who were opposed to any kind of wages policy. I am also in favour of the social contract, providing it is regarded as a socialist contract.

The dropping of the proposed increase in school meals is to be welcomed. It relieves many of us from the unpleasant necessity of having to vote against our own Government, but in itself, even with the extra cash for retraining, it is a trifle compared to what could have been obtained. Writing in *Tribune* on 1 May, Jack Jones outlined a programme which included the demand for a 35-hour week, further action on prices, import controls etc. To a large extent his ideas follow those already in the TUC Economic Review. The Government has totally ignored these demands and its economic strategy remains as before. A great opportunity to change direction has therefore been lost. That is what I mean when I say that it is not the TUC which is determining government policy, but the Government that is determining TUC policy.

While I have no wish to see confrontations between the Labour Government and the unions I certainly do not want to see arguments being accepted by the unions which are manifestly conservative and traditional. It is being suggested by government ministers that it is useless bringing in a wealth tax because the rich cannot afford to pay more tax. That is absolute nonsense. If the rich are so heavily taxed, how is it that some of them can afford the £3,000 to go on world cruises on the *Queen Elizabeth 2*? How is it that wealth and power continue to be concentrated in only a few hands, as the Royal Commission on Incomes proves? Britain continues to be a class society, despite the absurd notion expressed by some political and TU leaders that Britain practically got rid of its class character during the second world war.

Although I am unhappy about the way the Government/TUC agreement was reached, and its contents, it would be futile to oppose it as such. What is required is for the Government to carry out fully the policies advocated by the General Council of the TUC in its Economic Review and by the NEC of the Labour Party. What is needed is a quid pro quo. Although this would not give the unions control of Britain's affairs, it would make them genuine partners with the Government, and as the unions represent those sections of society that create the wealth that is as it should be.

Jim Callaghan said in the House of Commons that sacrifices need to be equally shared. This wages deal, however, means that inequality will get worse not better. It is up to the forthcoming union conferences and the Labour Party conference in October to reverse that trend.

John Morgan

Labour's Rout in Wales

How poignant that the two senior members of a Labour government, Jim Callaghan and Michael Foot, should sit for Welsh constituencies, when Labour in Wales has fallen apart. 'The old order changeth,' editorialised the Swansea *Evening Post*, alongside its banner headline 'LABOUR ROUT'. And there was, appropriately, much more that was hymnal, even biblical in the aghast, but delighted, response to the worst defeat the Labour Party has suffered in a history that began in the land of its present ruin. Swansea after 45 years, Port Talbot after 50 years, Newport, the capital Cardiff, and, of all places Merthyr Tydfil, Keir Hardie's old seat: all, and much else, have gone. Few can be found in the gloom who believe that next year the county council elections will not be equally devastating.

Picking one's way, shell-shocked among the debris, it gradually becomes clear that there is no single explanation for this unprecedented defeat. In Gwent, for example, according to a local MP, the party suffered because the Trots were too dominant; yet in Merthyr, nearby, Plaid Cymru seem to have won because they were the Left wing of the Nationalist Party: the mayoralty will be abolished as a social gesture. But if a general reason has to be found, it is that Labour lost because it was the party in power, and because it abused that power.

Even if it had not abused that power, Labour was bound to suffer since it bore the weight of the unfortunate reorganisation of local government. It presided over the rate increases inflation made inevitable. The politics of spleen were everywhere. In the course of the winter I chaired nine hours of television programmes about government in Wales and have never known such bitter, sometimes scandalous, debate between the electorate and those in authority – much of it unfair to the ruling party. But that whiff of sulphur scarcely presaged so remarkable a conflagration.

In examining the abuse of power one has, of course, to tread even more delicately among the debris. The editor of the radical periodical *Rebecca*, Paddy French, points out that all the Labour councillors most prominently attacked in his magazine lost their seats. The journal's last cover carried a picture of the Prime Minister and the Speaker of the Commons receiving the freedom of Cardiff under the headline 'The Party's Over'. Few British journalists have ever matched Mr French's political triumph: he ascribes it over-modestly to the wisdom of the people. The next issue of his magazine could be equally grave in its results.

Not that he, or many others who have brought about the Labour collapse, take much pleasure among the wreckage since what they hope for is a different kind of socialist party. The wisdom of the people does not look quite so admirable when one contemplates some of the elected representatives who have replaced Labour. In Swansea, for example where there are now only seven Labour men on the council, in a place where the party ruled for two generations, it is difficult to find anyone who does not believe that the new people, the Ratepayers, are not worse than those they've removed. As one of their own voters puts it: 'They are gamma-minus, all of them.' No doubt the same applies in Port Talbot. Merthyr is a different case because there Plaid Cymru ran an idealistic campaign, although, inevitably, one that benefited from the general dislike of Labour's long sovereignty. As Emrys Roberts, the architect of the Plaid victory put it in an interview with Gwilym Owen of Harlech TV, in Welsh, on Monday night: 'Labour were too concerned with the mechanics of local government and individual power, too little with the needs of the people.' Mr Roberts, which is where we come near the heart of the matter, did not think that his and his party's triumph both in Merthyr and the Rhymney Valley, necessarily meant that a Westminster parliamentary election would produce a comparable result. Perhaps in a Welsh Assembly it might, ominously.

Transport House, or the cabinet, as it contemplates this unprecedented demonstration of disaffection should not, though, find too much comfort in Mr Roberts's kindly analysis. No doubt they will put the fiasco down to demands for devolution: they would be wrong. Perhaps they will think it time to spend the £10m. needed for the new Welsh television channel, as if the vote were about hostility to Westminster, or the English language, or the Welsh language, or whatever. If they think no seats are going

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to be lost at the general election, it may be they won't lose much sleep. They should.

What looks to be the case is that the men of power, variously known as the 'old gang', or 'Taffia', have gone forever, and that there are few younger people to replace them in the Labour Party. Since it has also been the case that Wales, along with Scotland, has traditionally provided the radical force in British politics, whether with Lloyd George, or during the 1911 strike or in the General Strike or with Aneurin Bevan, and since there is little reason to believe there has been some sea-change in national aspiration, it would not be too wild to conclude that Labour has lost its cause. 'The Labour party,' as Sir Harold once put it, 'is a crusade or it is nothing.' In Swansea, and even in Merthyr, it is almost nothing.

There the Plaid are promising open discussion of all social issues, involving the public directly in all decisions; trying, and it will be interesting to see if they can manage it, to overcome the overwhelming cynicism of the electorate about politicians and their antics. Nothing in the catastrophe is more depressing than that the movement begun with such nobility by Keir Hardie 80 years ago should even now see no other way to fight back than by retrieving its own former power within the council chamber.

Murray Sayle

Waiting for Rockheed

Up here in the Japanese mountains, already dusted with the delicate pink of cherry blossom, we have an old Japanese saying, '*Hito no uwana mo nanaju nichi*': 'scandal is forgotten after 70 days'. But this week, some 90 days after our Far East branch of the Lockheed Show opened with the startling news that the aircraft maker's confidential agent in Japan was Yoshio Kodama, gangster boss and one-time war criminal, he was charged with receiving £800,000 from the company's Japanese representative. What we call, with Oriental delicacy, *Rockheedo mondai* – the Lockheed problem – is now to be dragged into the open.

There has been no shortage of bizarre incidents to keep Rockheed on the front pages. A detachment of young communists, riding bicycles and wearing Kodama masks (a Japanese manufacturer quick on the uptake) scattered a hundredweight of peanuts outside Kodama's reinforced concrete villa, and kept the waiting corps of newsmen munching for days; and then Mitsuyasu Maeno, a handsome young star of porno films, crashed a hired aircraft into the same house while wearing a second world war pilot's uniform from the wardrobe department and shouting 'Long live the Emperor!'

But Maeno turned out to be just another actor dazzled by the chance of the ultimate exit line, and Kodama remains the only Japanese who has so far been identified as accepting a single yen of the close to £10m. Lockheed paid in Japan for a 'favourable climate of opinion'. What did he do with the money?

One theory is that Kodama just kept it for himself. In which case Lockheed has certainly had amazing luck in Japan. Not only did Japanese Airlines decide to buy Tri-Stars in the autumn of 1972, when they had already ordered Douglas DC10s, but that same year the Air Self-Defence Force cancelled plans to have its new anti-submarine patrol planes made in Japan, and instead announced an order for £500m. worth of Lockheed Orions, on the grounds that Japanese industry could not meet its specifications – this in the country which made the Zero, which is itching to get into the arms business, and which has selected aircraft as the next industry for a carefully planned assault on world markets. Even *Time* headlined a 1972 report of these deals: 'Someone up there likes Lockheed.' Who was someone?

There is no shortage of suspects: the communist newspaper, *Akahata*, published a list of 28 the other day, including the bosses of most of the major factions of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party. On everyone's list, one name heads all the others. Kakuei Tanaka, 'Mr Bulldozer', the poor horse-dealer's son who made rather better than good as a building contractor in wartime Tokyo, is the biggest spender ever to operate in Japanese, or perhaps any, politics. He has been charged with paying personal bribes totalling £8m. to become Prime Minister and has never denied it. His party spent £140m. on the last elections, in 1974, and that was only for the Upper House. He was Prime Minister in 1972, and his deputy Defence Minister, Takuya Kubo, has said that the decision to buy Lockheed for the Air Force was 'highly political'.

Until Lockheed came along, Tanaka was well on the way to a political comeback, despite having been forced out of office when some of his fund-raising techniques were exposed late in 1974. His faction remained the biggest, with 93 members, in the Liberal Democratic Party, and three former cabinet ministers had actually joined it after the boss's supposed disgrace. Now, however Lockheed turns out, it is doubtful that anything could revive Tanaka's battered prospects. This, in itself, is not all that serious for the Japanese Establishment. The present Prime Minister, Takeo Miki (not on anyone's list as a bribe-taker), faces an awkward decision on behalf of his party: whether to go to the polls with only Kodama identified as a Lockheed culprit, thus risking some awkward questions during the campaign, or to find a suitable scapegoat – and drum him out of the party.

For Japan, this would be a traditional solution. As long ago as 1913, when our own Vickers were caught paying a 'gratuity' of £200,000 for the order to build the battleship *Kongo* in Barrow-in-Furness, the matter was settled by the resignation of Prime Minister Admiral Yamamoto and the jailing of two vice-admirals.

The fall of one Japanese political boss, even such a fancy spender as Tanaka, would have little effect on the already scruffy image of the Liberal Democratic Party. Conservative politics in Japan are run on Eatanswill lines, with saké and beer parties for the voters, 'sympathy money' for the families of deceased supporters, outings to the beach for the party faithful and flower arranging lessons for their wives. All this costs money – a lot of money – and most voters guess that it comes from business contribution. Political corruption can thus be viewed partly as being a good sport, partly as a patriotic duty.

Nor does the involvement of Kodama, with his extensive underworld connections, really shock too many Japanese. There is not even a consensus that Kodama should be regarded as a bad hat. This points to the real political dynamite in the Rockheed problem, which may yet make it, despite the red faces of princes and potentates in Europe, the furthest-reaching of all the tentacles of this global scandal. Rockheed touches at the basis of the Japan-United States relationship, which in turn lies at the heart of Japan's astounding, and all-too-fragile, economic miracle. The connection is plain when we consider how Yoshio Kodama managed to get *into* the woodwork surrounding post-war Japanese politics.

Although he has served many masters, Kodama has always been consistent in the sort of work he has done. A graduate of the underworld where Japanese right-wing nationalists and patriotic gangsters overlapped in the violent years before the war, he went (fresh out of prison) to China in 1938 and got a job as bodyguard to the Japanese sponsored warlord, Wang Ching-Wei, in Nanking. From here he gravitated to Shanghai, where he ran an organisation of Japanese gangsters engaged in looting scarce raw materials, or buying them (for opium) on behalf of the Japanese Navy.

Early in 1946 Kodama was arrested by agents of the Central Intelligence Committee, forerunner in Japan of the CIA, and escorted to the wing of Sugamo Prison reserved for top-ranking war criminals, along with Kishi, the present Mr Big of the Japanese shipping industry, Ryoichi Sasakawa, and others of the happy few who have since risen to positions of fame and great fortune in post-war Japan. The CIC began a leisurely preparation of the trials (Kodama was hoping to get off with 30 years).

The fateful year 1948 changed all that. The cold war really began in Tokyo just after the war, with squabbling between Russians and Americans, and the ominous communist advances in China. Japan was hastily reclassified from an enemy to be punished to an ally to be built up for the coming war in Asia. The Emperor's unreconstructed pre-war bureaucrats who were running defeated Japan saw their chance: it was they who proposed the Security Treaty to the Americans, whereby the US was to defend Japan against external Com-

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munist threat, while the Japanese government supplied bases – and undertook to deal with the supposed danger of an internal uprising by the flourishing Japan Communist Party. The first fruit of the American about-face was the creation of the 75,000-man National Police Reserve, now the Ground Self Defence Force, the biggest counter-insurgency outfit in the world.

Suddenly, there was an urgent demand for reliable anti-communists, patriotic Japanese who knew how to cut through unnecessary red tape. The pick of the bunch had already, by good fortune, been lodged in Sugamo Prison. Kodama, Kishi and the others were released without a word of explanation and were soon back in right-wing politics, with plenty of money to spend. Where, in hungry and defeated Japan, did they get their money? Kodama has often claimed that he put up the funds which founded the Liberal Party, forerunner of today's Liberal Democratic Party. The cash, according to Kodama, came from a hoard of diamonds and platinum, presumably looted from the Chinese, which he had accumulated in Shanghai.

The food and raw materials sent from the United States to keep Japan from starving were sold for yen, generating huge 'counterpart funds'. From the hard-drinking, Wild West atmosphere of the occupation years, names surface: Major-General William F. Marquat, chief of the Economic and Scientific Section, Colonel Alva C. Carpenter, director of the Legal Section, Major-General Charles Willoughby, staunch anti-communist controlling large and mysterious counterpart funds: the M fund, the X fund, the G fund. The funds were supposed to be used to 'reconstruct' Japan, and they certainly included subsidies for politicians and trade unions opposed to the Communist Party and the other left-wing parties which eventually became today's Japan Socialist Party.

Thus in the confused years up to and during the Korean war, the celebrated Japanese system, perhaps the most powerful economic engine the world has ever seen, was accidentally assembled. It was run, and still is, by the tough old imperial bureaucrats. The Americans defended it, financed it, fed it raw materials, found it the juiciest markets of all – wars on the Asian mainland. Pursuing aims that had very little to do with Japan, the US has protected the trade routes which enabled the authors of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere to achieve their economic aims beyond their wildest expectations, without firing a Japanese shot.

The continuing role of Kodama is easy to understand. The system itself, lashed together in a crisis, is full of deceit and equivocation: it was MacArthur himself, whose constitution forbade Japan to have an army, who showed the Japanese how to get around his own prohibition by calling it the 'National Police Reserve'. Kodama may be, as his colleague Kishi suggests, just a saucy con-man with a flair for hiding in the limelight, but he has certainly spent the past 25 years in the position that influence peddlars dream of: the Japanese believed that he had clandestine influence with the Americans, and the Americans thought he had influence with the Japanese, and neither side wanted to look too deeply, or put too much in writing. Lockheed showed shrewd judgment when they came to Kodama in 1958 with Starfighters to sell.

Now, why not find a scapegoat and get back to business as usual? This is what former Prime Minister Tanaka wanted to do, with his Nixonian plea: 'Let us put Lockheed behind us.' But things have now gone a bit far for that. International dependence seldom seems to end well, and recent events are showing Japan what unusually unstaunch allies the Americans can be. The whole Japanese system, and especially its defence aspects are predicated on the old cold war, now over, or at any rate unrecognisably sea-changed. For a while the Japanese defence planners pinned their hopes on the new cold war, between China and the Soviet Union, but who knows where the Chinese will be a year from now, or even tomorrow?

So Kodama's real offence was not, of course, distributing bribes. It lies in his biggest coup, selling the American patrol plane in place of a Japanese. The idea has always been for Japan to exploit the American connection, not the other way round. And it was an American, after all, who blew the gaff on Kodama himself.

Japanese are not going to vote the Communist Party in at the next elections, denounce the Security Treaty or go thermonuclear yet awhile. Only some of the right-wing political bosses will get the chop and, at a time of troubled allegiance, the communist vote may actually fall at the forthcoming elections. We may never see an authentic list of, as the communist paper puts it, 'those who ate black peanuts'.

But the affair seems to have struck a blow at the basic bureaucratic/business/political triumvirate which directed the economic miracle, and especially at its weakest point: dependence on the now outdated American cold war attitudes which created the conditions for the miracle in the first place. No alternative is in sight. I doubt that we will forget Lockheed before the cherries bloom again.

Tokyo

Francis Roberts

Italy's Stately Minuet

The exquisite timing of the fall of Signor Aldo Moro's last government was lost on no one. 'It's a beautiful May Day – the last Christian Democrat government has fallen and the red flags in the piazzas demonstrate the colour of today's Italy and tomorrow's government.' With these joyful words did the left-wing paper *Il Manifesto*, published by a breakaway group of dissident Communists, greet the news of Signor Moro's long-awaited resignation. By the time May Day was over, President Leone had dissolved Parliament and cleared the way for a general election.

The first two victims of pre-electoral violence had not yet been buried when Signor Moro's moribund cabinet set 20 June as the date for the poll. Milanese neo-fascist Enrico Pedenovi had been shot dead the previous week, just a day after a gang of rightist hoodlums had knifed 21-year-old Gaetano Amoroso to death in a vicious political fight. It would be surprising if there were no more victims of extremist gangs before the campaign is over.

The Italian man in the street now finds himself questioned, analysed and speculated upon by the assembled representatives of the world's press. Will he, or won't he, give the Communists a thumping great majority and thus present the Western world with its 'first democratically-elected Communist government'. No, he won't. But what he might do is give the Communists and Socialists between them a hair's-breadth overall majority, and that would be very tricky for everyone concerned. The Communists still believe in their '*compromesso storico*' – which entails an alliance between themselves, the Socialists and any Catholic Christian Democrats who care to join them; while the Socialists are still not totally convinced that a Communist-dominated Popular Front would do them much good at all. The last time they went into an alliance with the Communists, in the late Forties, it proved a godsend to the Communists and all but destroyed the Socialists.

Even so, the protestations from both Leftist parties that they would never dream of governing the country with 'only' 50 per cent of the vote (remember what happened to Salvador Allende and you'll understand why) have become somewhat muted in recent weeks, and the possibility of a Leftist Administration being formed after the election is no longer a flight of fancy. But that is not the same as saying that it will happen. The Italian electorate might not swing further to the Left as some optimistic radicals now anticipate, or the Socialists may well refuse to join the Communists in government without some of the smaller, more right-wing, parties as 'protection'. Or the Communists themselves might refuse to enter government without the Christian Democrats, who perhaps surprisingly to an outsider do still have enormous support throughout the country. As one Christian Democrat right-winger pointed out recently: 'The Communists might have got 10 million votes [in regional elections] last June, but we got 12 million and that means we're still more popular than they are.'

But that was before the Lockheed scandal, before the currency crisis of February and March which saw the lira devalued by 30 per cent in a matter of weeks, before the appalling political 'dance of death' which preceded the dissolution of Parliament – and before last week's earthquake with the trail of recrimination over administrative

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muddle that it has left behind. All that is needed is a 7½-per-cent swing to the Socialists and Communists away from the Christian Democrats and they're home and dry. For the first time since the foundation of the Italian Republic 30 years ago Italians are talking about the real possibility of kicking the Christian Democrats into opposition. But it must be remembered that what an Italian says is not necessarily the same as what he votes. That's one reason why opinion polls are so little help. Few Italians will admit publicly these days that they intend to vote for the Christian Democrats, but when they get into the polling booth it could well be a different story. Old habits die hard, many people owe their jobs to the patronage of the ruling party and anti-communism is still an influence.

But even if the Communists and Socialists do get 51 per cent of the vote on 20 June, it is highly unlikely that Enrico Berlinguer will be the new Prime Minister. The immediate post-election period will be one of prolonged discussion and manoeuvring; few people expect a government to be formed much before the *Ferragosto* bank holiday on 15 August. What Signor Berlinguer will do if the Left does get an overall majority is by no means clear, but if one takes him at his word over recent months, his course of action should go something like this.

First, he says to the Christian Democrats: right, now's your chance – come and join us in government and we'll run this country together. That is the historic compromise idea, but it is virtually out of the question since the powerful right-wingers who control the Christian Democrat party, such as Amintore Fanfani and Flaminio Piccoli, are unlikely even to consider such a proposal. Berlinguer's next step, therefore, could be to seek support from the smaller parties like the Social Democrats and the Republicans. The Social Democrats are pretty much a dead loss, having swung sharply to the Right with US encouragement under Mario Tanassi (currently up to his neck in Lockheed and CIA allegations, all of which he denies), and now veering slightly leftwards again under the septuagenarian former head of state and party founder Giuseppe Saragat.

More interesting are the Republicans, a tiny elitist party (3 per cent of the vote in 1972) led by Ugo La Malfa, who is almost the only non-communist politician to have emerged with any credit from the chaos of the past two years. He was Deputy Premier in Signor Moro's last government but one, which included a handful of Republican Party ministers, and had a brief moment of glory earlier this year when he tried to float a plan for the country's economic recovery.

It was a clever idea, designed to get the Communists involved in policy-making without actually giving them a seat in government. It made some headway initially but then foundered on the rocks of the abortion issue, skilfully manipulated by Christian Democrat right-wingers in order to bring down the Government and force an election. It is possible that Signor La Malfa will accept the post of Prime Minister in a broad-based government including the Communists but perhaps excluding the Christian Democrats. This would go at least some way to soothing western fears of a Communist government in Nato, while also partly satisfying Communist demands for a broad coalition Administration rather than a straight Popular Front.

Scenario number three, still assuming a 51-per-cent score for Communists and Socialists, has the Socialists insisting on members of the two Leftist parties taking the key jobs and leaving any potential allies with less important portfolios, if indeed any at all. In that case, the Communists (who are most unlikely, for a variety of domestic and international reasons, to seek the premiership for themselves) will probably agree to a Socialist prime minister taking office. One man whose name is being increasingly mentioned these days in this connection is Antonio Giolitti, the 61-year-old former Budget Minister who, it just so happened, was on a visit to the United States last week 'explaining' the Italian situation to State Department officials and leading intellectuals in Washington. Meanwhile the leader of the Socialist Party, Francesco De Martino, is reported to have his eye on the presidency, which comes up for grabs when Signor Leone's term of office expires in 1978.

The only other possibility to be considered is perhaps the most worrying of all – no change. If the Christian Democrats remain the largest single party, and that is quite possible, if the Communists remain a couple of percentage points behind, what then? Five more years of Christian Democrat-dominated Centre-Left coalitions, shambling and stumbling from crisis to crisis? The only hope for Italy in that case would be increased power for the Socialists, who for the first time in three decades would have to be given some real share in governmental decision-making rather than being fobbed off with a series of meaningless promises in return for their allegiance to the Christian Democrats. The Communists meanwhile would remain outside the government but inside what Italian political journalists call the 'government arena'. They would not have any cabinet seats, but they would have some say in policy-making. They would then be able to continue their propaganda work abroad, convincing Italy's friends and allies that they are good, upright West Europeans pledged to maintain democratic liberties and a mixed economy, while the Americans and West Germans get their own elections over with. Once that has happened, and once Dr Kissinger has been sent back to Harvard out of harm's way, the Italian Communists may feel happier about moving closer to a significant role in government. But they're in no hurry.

Rome

Ritchie Calder

The Lawless Sea

While the British and Icelandic navies bump each other, like children on the dodgems, in the lawless cod war, the Law of the Sea conference which would have legitimised the Icelandic claims has teetered to another adjournment in New York. In the resulting legal limbo Britain is left in the quandary (in which ships and lives may be lost) of having committed itself at the conference to a 12-mile territorial sea and a 200-mile exclusive economic zone for all coastal states while resisting by force Iceland's unilateral claims to those limits. The position is further complicated by President Ford's signing an Act of Congress by which the US has followed Iceland's example.

That is typical of the irresponsible way in which nation states are treating the momentous issues (among which the cod war is a mere scuffle) confronting the Law of the Sea conference. The recent session was the third round. The first at Caracas in 1974, with 5,000 delegates from 150 countries, was a shambles. Everyone was talking but no one was listening. Governments just nailed their demands on the counter. At Geneva in 1975 an attempt was made to create some sort of order and to discourage speeches-for-effect by having closed sessions of the three commissions: one on the International Seabed Authority; the second on the revision of the existing law dealing, among other things, with the claims for a 12-mile territorial sea and a 200-mile economic zone; and a third on scientific research, exchange of technology, anti-pollution measures and the protection of the sea-environment.

There was a hopeful move to detach the international lawyers from their delegations and to get them to behave as truly international jurists. But the haggling went on with every country trying to grab what it could get. I left Geneva (as I had left Caracas) in disgust but was reassured when the president of the conference, H. Shirley Amerasinghe, the adroit ambassador of Sri Lanka, salvaged the situation by instructing the three chairmen of commissions to prepare the possible articles of a treaty embodying all the pertinent proposals. The draft did not have to have the approval of the conference but was referred to all governments so that they could be properly briefed on the issues and clarify their positions for the third round, just over in New York. Not a chance – the horse-dealing started all over again. Ambassador Amerasinghe was still hopeful when I saw him in New York a few days before the end of the session. He thought that he could get a penultimate draft on which governments would have to take yes/no decisions on the principles and the items before resuming the discussions in August, with prospects of signing a full treaty in Caracas next year. But they will come back to wrangle all over again.

It is taken for granted that there will be a 12-mile territorial sea and a 200-mile exclusive economic zone. The latter means

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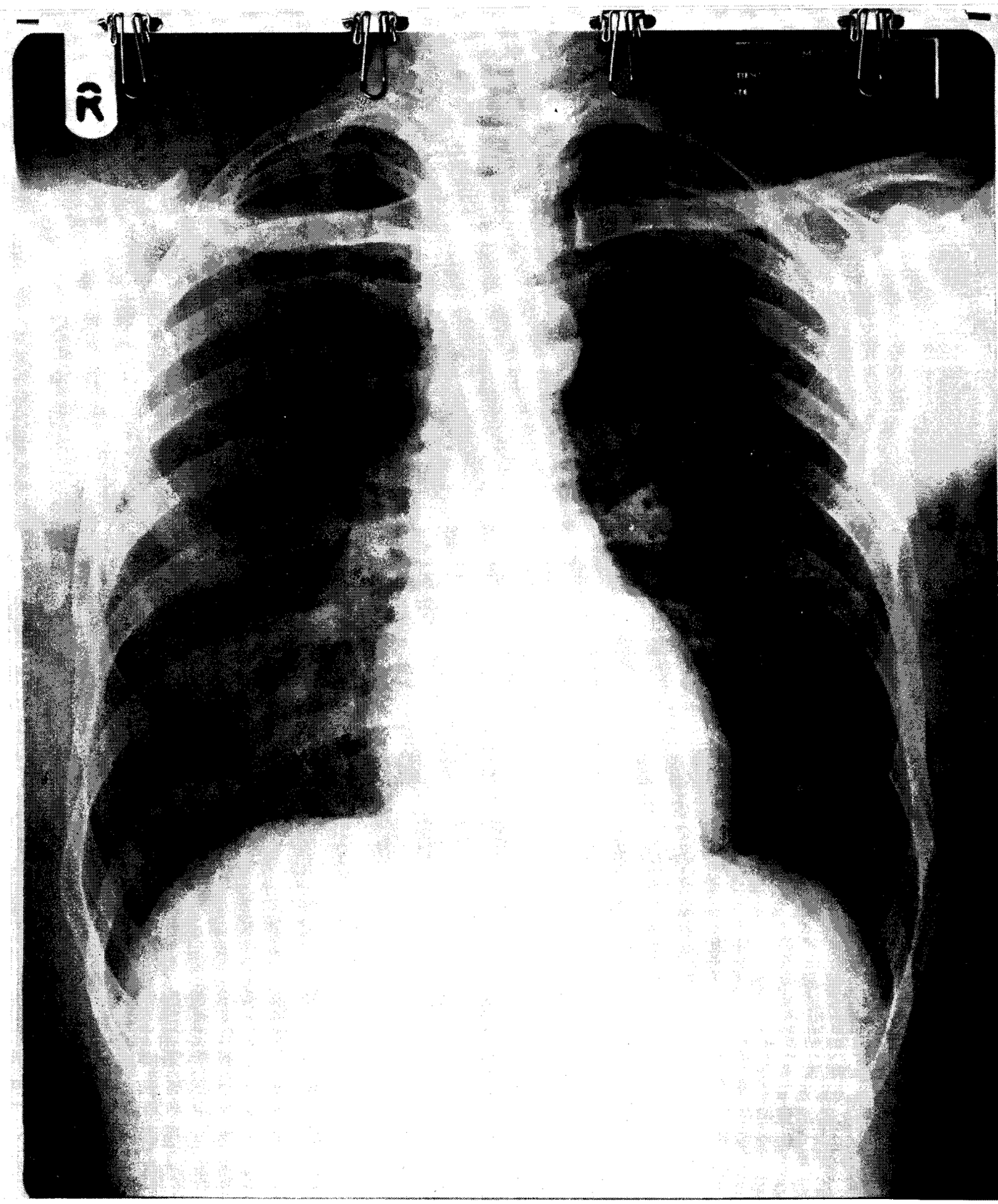

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that, while surface navigation and fly-over rights will be free for all, the living resources of the ocean column and the material resources of the sea-bed will be reserved to the coastal state. This is a gross curtailment of 'the common heritage of mankind' to which all nations now give lip-service. The 'heritage' as we first discussed it nine years ago was 'to reserve, for exclusively peaceful purposes, the sea-bed and the ocean floor, and the subsoil thereof, underlying the high seas beyond the limits of present national jurisdiction and the use of their resources in the interest of all mankind'. The limits of national jurisdiction were then the territorial seas or the extent of the continental shelf which had been accepted on the Geneva Convention of 1958 as the submerged land-extension of the coastal state. (The continental shelf is, of course, where the off-shore oil is: the whole of the North Sea with the exception of the Norwegian Trench, is continental shelf.)

Since the limits of the continental shelf were unsatisfactorily defined in the Geneva Convention, the boundaries of 'the common heritage' needed specification if it was to be administered for the benefit of *all* mankind, including the peoples of the land-locked states. As it was 'beyond the limits of national jurisdiction' it demanded an *extra*-national not *inter*-national administration, and one hoped for an Ocean Regime on a model disencumbered of the nationalistic accretions which hamper the UN Charter and its applications. But to get the revision of the Shelf Convention it was necessary to proceed through the United Nations.

By then the avarice of nations had been inflamed. It was known that the ocean bed was a valuable piece of real estate. On its historic survey voyage 1872/75 HMS *Challenger* had dredged up curious pebbles from great depths in the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans. They were ferro-manganese nodules which embodied not only iron and manganese but nickel, copper, cobalt and other metallic elements. But they remained curios until 1957/58, the International Geophysical Year, when the most extensive and intensive scientific study and exploration of our planet was carried out. Instruments, cameras and samples from depths of 10,000 to 16,000 feet showed vast areas of the ocean bottom cobbled by nodules. Now it is known that trillions of tons of ferro-manganese nodules exist. Their composition and concentration varies from area to area. The highest grade is reported from a deposit about 1,000 miles north of Samoa, showing an assay of 1.9 per cent of nickel, 2.3 per cent of copper, 0.2 per cent of cobalt and 36 per cent of manganese.

With well-charted sites: with known concentrations; with assayed compositions; with technology of recovering and extracting now available; with costings at least comparable with rock-mining; and with powerful multinational consortia just raring to go, the management of those oceanic resources is a matter of urgency. The techniques are equivalent to open-cast mining of the ocean bed, with still unanswered questions as to the effects on the ecosystem. The ores, as the less developed countries are now well aware, are competitive with the land-based minerals which are, for many of them, their only material assets.

The proposal is to set up an International Seabed Authority to manage and distribute the benefits for the common good. The authority would have an 'enterprise', an operational arm, to explore and exploit where necessary. The less developed countries are all for this but they do not see clearly that their insistence on the 200-mile limit will exclude the 'enterprise' from a huge area of potential development.

Dr Kissinger has already laid it on the line. By-passing the conference, he made an off-limits speech in New York. He stressed the deep-sea mining as 'the most complex and vital issue to be decided'. He pointed out that the US is many years ahead in the technology of deep-sea mining, and said categorically: 'If the seabeds are not the subject of international agreement the United States can, and will, proceed to explore and mine on its own.' He admitted that this would eventually lead to 'a race to carve out deep-sea domains of exploitation which will escalate into economic warfare, endanger the freedom of navigation, and lead to trials of strength and military confrontations'. He rejected the idea of access being confined to an international authority but suggested an oceanic mixed economy. A free-enterprise contractor seeking a concession would submit two sites for exploitation. The Seabed Authority would then select one of those sites to be mined by the 'enterprise' or made available to developing countries. The other site would be mined by the free-enterprise contractor.

He recognised the concern of the less-developed countries about the potential threat of oceanic minerals. He offered 'a temporary limitation, for a period to be fixed by treaty, on the production of seabed minerals tied to the projected growth of the world nickel market, currently estimated at 6 per cent a year'. This would have the effect of limiting production of other seabed minerals since they are bound together in the nodules. After the fixed period, nodule extraction would be governed by overall market conditions. Kissinger has announced that he himself will lead the US delegation at the resumed conference in August. On the eve of the presidential election, with Republican emphasis on 'America First' this is a threat rather than a promise.

The less developed countries have not been very sensible. The coastal states, in insisting on the 200-mile economic zone, are taking on more than they can police, manage or exploit. In fighting for fair shares at the ongoing UNCTAD conference in Nairobi they must recognise that the new economic order must include the cooperative management of mankind's last resource, the ocean.

James Michael

Scientologists and the Government

Sometimes the worst thing that can happen to a reform campaign is to get the wrong sort of support. One of the Nixon crowd's dirtier tricks was to hire people to be flamboyantly homosexual at rallies for George McGovern. Something roughly similar has just happened here with the disclosure that the parliamentary campaign to replace the Official Secrets Act with a Freedom of Information Act is largely run by Scientologists.

Hastily, I must make clear that I am not anti-gay, nor am I implying that Scientologists are anything other than sexually straight, and I do not suggest that the Scientologists' involvement is inspired by any Whitehall 'dirty tricks' department. Apparently it was their own idea. But the effects may be comparable. Just as Middle Americans were disinclined to vote for a candidate visibly supported by screaming queens, so may many MPs be unenthusiastic about a change in the law which is urged by Scientologists.

It would be a pity. The Labour Government is committed to the principle of a Freedom of Information Act by its manifesto, and similar legislation has been advocated by such respectables as Professor Wade of Oxford, the Consumers' Association and Harold Evans. The 1966 US Freedom of Information Act has been an invaluable aid to the American press and public, particularly with the strengthening amendments passed by Congress over President Ford's veto, and a similar provision in the Swedish Constitution has been as important to their democracy as the much better known and imitated office of Ombudsman.

But why are the Scientologists pushing it? What's in it for them? Their answer, thus far, has been that Scientologists are interested in law reform and that further questions about their support are irrelevant. But it seems likely that there are at least two further possible explanations for their campaign. One may be found in a 1966 directive from L. Ron Hubbard, founder of the 'Church of Scientology,' which was reprinted in the 1971 Foster report on the sect. 'Remember, CHURCHES ARE LOOKED UPON AS REFORM GROUPS. *Therefore we must act like a reform group.*'

A result is the awkwardly-named National Society for Crime Reduction and Social Justice (Truth), which is in favour of, well, crime reduction, social justice, truth and a Freedom of Information and Privacy Act. It was partly through this group that the Scientologists were connected with the 'All-Party Committee for Freedom of Information'.

The second likely reason is a bit more practical. The draft 'Freedom of Information and Privacy Bill' which has been prepared is actually a mixture of two separate US statutes, with some features borrowed

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from Swedish law. The Freedom of Information Act says that most government information is to be available on request to anyone, with a right of appeal to the courts. The more recent Privacy Act says that individuals have a right of access to information kept in government dossiers on them. Both statutes have exceptions, it will come as no surprise, but they are efforts toward a far more open system of government than presently obtains in the United Kingdom.

But what has this to do with Scientology? First of all, the Scientologists have displayed a willingness to sue which could be described as litigious, or as Sir John Foster put it in his 1971 report, 'their leadership has never shown any marked inhibition about going to law where they consider that their legal rights have been infringed'.

One result of litigation under the US Freedom of Information Act by the Scientologists and others has been the disclosure of files on Scientology kept by government departments. On the basis of this information they claim that the FBI and CIA were behind the 1968 ban on aliens who wish to enter the United Kingdom to study or work with Scientologists. As the February/March 1975 issue of their journal *Freedom* put it:

> It is never too late to right a wrong: two hours around the table with the false reports and correction by documentation, an end to the Alien Ban, now no longer enforced anyway, and some kind of 'Freedom of Information Act' in the British Isles so that what has happened can never happen again would resolve the whole unfortunate fracas.

Coincidentally, the 'All-Party Committee on Freedom of Information' was formed at about the time of that issue, which carried a 'freedom interview' with Arthur Lewis MP, who chaired the committee. In short, the Scientologists apparently believe that a Freedom of Information Act would provide them with a tool which they could use to fight what they think is an evil conspiracy against them. And so they set to work.

Here I must declare an interest. I think that both the Freedom of Information Act and the Privacy Act have been good for the United States, the former perhaps more, and I think that similar legislation in the United Kingdom would be a valuable replacement for the blanket secrecy imposed and encouraged by section 2 of the Official Secrets Act. Since my arrival in Britain in 1972 I have written several articles expressing that opinion. It was because of my interest that I attended a meeting of the all-party committee about a year ago.

The Scientology connection with the committee was not exactly advertised, although the *Guardian* and at least one other paper carried reports about a parallel campaign organised by them. But it did not take much inquiring to realise that there was a close connection. Thereafter, I told them what I knew about the subject when asked, but had no affiliation with the committee. My reluctance was largely because I felt public and parliamentary opinion was such that their support would ultimately do more harm than good. It was for that reason that I reluctantly refused an invitation to speak at the committee's symposium on 29 April, although I did attend. Few of those who spoke at the symposium seemed to be aware of the connection. Harold Evans lucidly described the legal bulwarks of secrecy in this country, and contrasted the access to aircraft safety data which the *Sunday Times* had secured in America under the Freedom of Information Act. Unfortunately, press coverage of his speech was eclipsed by disclosure of the Scientology backing.

It was no satisfaction to have my apprehensions confirmed. Just for the record, I suppose I should state that I am not now and never have been a Scientologist. My closest connection was when I lived down the street from their headquarters in Washington, DC, and regularly refused their persistent invitations to take a 'free personality test'. Little did I realise that we would end up on the same street again, this time in a very different sense.

The Scientology material which I have read has left me less than enthusiastic about their theories, though I am inclined to agree with Sir John Foster's conclusion in his report to the House of Commons that it is wrong to ban alien Scientologists from doing what is legal for British Scientologists. On balance, I do rather wish they had not taken up the cause of a Freedom of Information Act.

What now? The disclosures apparently have diminished the committee's support considerably. The supposed taint of Scientology support is a godsend to those in government, reportedly including the new Prime Minister, who want no change at all in the Official Secrets Act, as well as to those who want only the cosmetic changes recommended by the Franks Committee in 1972. Three Scientologists reportedly have tendered their resignations from the committee to further the cause of a Freedom of Information Act.

In a way, their absence would be a shame, since they provided much of the energy behind the committee's momentum. If, in their opinion, a Freedom of Information Act would help Scientology, it is certainly true that such a statute would be very useful to organisations of all persuasions, and ultimately would help to make British government more truly democratic. The central issue is how the law is to be changed rather than who supports such a change.

Perhaps it is now time, Scientologists or no, for the MPs who support a Freedom of Information Act in principle to put their efforts on a more formal parliamentary basis. It is nothing new for a Select Committee to be formed to inquire into subjects which seem to require legislation. Recently it has been done regarding battered wives, abortion, and wages paid by British firms in South Africa. A Select Committee composed of back-benchers, as it would be, is a peculiarly appropriate device for inquiring into ways of reducing unnecessary government secrecy. MPs not in government are notoriously ill-informed, and they might find it instructive to consider that some of the main beneficiaries of the US Freedom of Information Act have been members of Congress.

It has become a truism that information is power and governments do not readily give up such power, not to parliaments, not to anyone. It now seems clear that the Government of the day will not willingly replace the Official Secrets Act with any measure to increase significantly the availability of information. If they can be persuaded to act at all, it seems most likely they will introduce a version of the Franks recommendations, retaining the substance of government secrecy without the embarrassment of the old Official Secrets Act.

A Select Committee, with the usual powers to call for 'persons and papers', could investigate the extent to which unnecessary secrecy has led to arbitrary and inefficient government. It could examine the the Scandinavian and American systems for making government more open, as well as the Canadian and Australian proposals. It could consider which values, such as real matters of national security and personal privacy, might justify confidentiality. Equally important, it could decide who, apart from ministers with a vested interest in preventing government embarrassment, might decide when secrecy would be justifiable in particular cases. Finally, it could produce legislation with sufficient back-bench support from all parties to make 'open government' a reality rather than a platitude.

Corinna Adam

Palestine and Public Opinion

The richer and better-educated you are, the more likely you are to sympathise with the Palestinian cause. That, at any rate, is one of the main, perhaps surprising, conclusions to emerge from the latest survey of British attitudes to the Middle East (published today in the *Guardian* and financed by the Palestine Information Office). Being male is important, too: women even in higher income groups appear only too often in the 'don't know' columns. Being young makes a difference – the further you are from *aet.* 64, the more likely you are to be a Palestinian sympathiser.

With greater or lesser accuracy, opinion polls tell you what people are thinking at a given moment. This one, by NOP, was conducted between 22 and 28 April (Dr Kissinger was off to Africa), using questions altered by NOP after they had originally been submitted by the Palestinian lobby. But the polls can never satisfactorily explain the reasons *why* people are thinking what they are, on a particular day. (If they could, it would of course put a good many academics as well as amateur psychologists out of a job.)

In this case it is particularly maddening because the results do seem – anyway at first sight – to be even more contradictory than poll-watchers have come to expect. The unforeseen amount of sympathy for Palestine (and the quarter from which it comes) may gladden some hearts. At the same time, it can do so without necessarily casting gloom and despondency into the Israeli camp. For example, of those who claimed

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to know anything at all about the Middle East, 36 per cent 'supported the Israeli side in the conflict', as the poll puts it; only 7 per cent supported the Arabs. Nor did this have anything to do with voting patterns in Britain. Age, sex, income group – these might change one's allegiance. Political allegiance, at least to the Tories or Labour, did not. Party card-holders were split down the middle.

Another apparent contradiction. Four alternative solutions to the Palestinian question were offered: (a) leaving the refugees where they are; (b) partition; (c) a new state in Palestine with equal rights for Jews and Arabs; (d) allowing the refugees to take over the whole of Israel. Despite the initial heavy support for Israel, 75 per cent chose solution (c) – the new state. That in itself is not surprising: it is obviously both the most humane solution, and without question the most difficult to achieve. The Palestine Liberation Organisation are naturally delighted with the response to this question, because it is in fact their own official policy (and that fact was not mentioned to the interviewees). They are also pleased with the way in which even pro-Israelis appear here to be running counter to the official Tel Aviv line. But – put as baldly as it is bound to be in a questionnaire – solution (c) simply sounds like the best possible combination of goodwill and commonsense. It could also be said to argue a higher degree of sophistication among some 'respondents' than the PLO allows for (or wishes to allow for). Perhaps some 'pro-Israeli' people interviewed did, after all, realise the difference between stateless Palestinians and the Arab nations who in varying degrees are prepared to use them quite cynically as hostages to their own fortunes.

Despite the PLO's sometime reputation as a respectable front for terrorism (which some would say was 'created by the media', others 'a matter of historical necessity') almost half of those who had heard of the organisation, or of its leader Yasser Arafat, believed they should be involved in future Middle East Peace negotiations. Again, this could be sheer commonsense: it could equally have to do with the fact that there have been no major terrorist operations like Munich or Lod Airport recently, of the kind which catch Western imaginations. There seems just to be a dim realisation that fighting is still going on; almost an Act of God to be treated with the same helpless sorrow as an earthquake. What can we do? Well, two-thirds of the sample thought that Britain could at least stop supplying arms to either side.

Which means (however admirable or otherwise one may find the sentiment) that two-thirds of the population effectively want out. The British public has no wish to formulate a solution to the Middle East questions and this apathy is mirrored — with relief, one suspects – by Parliament. Apathy – and indeed ignorance – combine to make the keynote. The main figure in this report is perhaps the first of all. Of the NOP original sample, 46 per cent could not be questioned further because they claimed to know *nothing at all* about the Middle East. That is a keynote indeed – the one which rings in one's ear after all the others have died away.

Robert Kee

Here is the 1926 News

The heart – my heart – sinks so often at proposals for new television programmes ('. . . this documentary on the Tynwald . . .'; '. . . chairing a discussion on the green pound . . .') that it positively lifted up when Yorkshire suggested telling the story of the nine days of the General Strike in the form of daily news bulletins. The problems of carrying the idea out, which immediately supervened, never shook that initial certainty that the idea itself was a good one.

The 'time dimension' seemed the only important problem at first. Do we dress in 1926 clothes, with 1926 haircuts, an aspidistra at the back of the studio and an old telephone on the desk? Do we have actors playing Baldwin, Thomas and Co., and, if so, where do you find actors politically and historically well enough informed to ad lib interviews? (If you use David Watt and Co. as in the Granada Chrysler programme they don't match the stills and film to which they're juxtaposed.) Do we use eye-witnesses of the events – of which there are still a lot around? In which case, who are they: people *now* telling us about what happened *then*, or people *then*? In which case, why apparently were only elderly persons involved in the strike?

These and similar problems were resolved once we had accepted that to pretend there was public television in 1926, when there wasn't, was simply to play an arch charade. The next stage was to establish that if, at any given moment, a viewer were to ask himself: 'Is the presenter in 1926 or 1976?' he should have no difficulty in answering himself: '1976'. Once that was clear, it was possible, by telling the story in the style of a news bulletin with its conventional techniques, and by free use of the historic present, to let viewers themselves exercise imagination and think: 'If there *had* been television in 1926, then it would have been like this.' And the point of that was to make the events seem more vivid, more real, more understandable as they unfolded.

Whether or not it worked out like this is for the critics to say now that the series is ended (though there will be some who only give us their analysis of the General Strike). Fringe vestiges of the time problem certainly lingered on and may even have strayed into the completed programmes. Occasionally one would catch oneself saying 'today' where an 'on this day' or 'on this Thursday' would have been better, though the fact that the dates and days of the week were identical in 1926 and 1976 (3 May being Monday in both years and so on) helped with this. Again, we continued to feel we were wasting possibilities by not using eye witnesses. We even put one into a late programme at the last minute only to remove him immediately, post-rationalising our unanimous feeling that he didn't 'work' with the thesis that a member of the public is a real person and therefore not optionally transferable in time, whereas a news reporter is not a person within the meaning of the Act but a conventional medium. But on the whole it was even less tangible problems that preoccupied us as we came closer to completion.

We soon found that we were in a way prisoners of our own success. That is to say, the more successfully you reproduce a news programme format, the more by definition you reduce everything to something glib, fast and efficient, but by virtue of these very qualities two-dimensional and flat. Perhaps we had just come up the hard way to realise that the medium is the message, or that there is a bias against understanding. (If there *is* a way harder than McLuhan or Jay?)

The trouble was that the thing was simply rolling slickly through, leaving very little behind. Whereas the whole point was that we wanted to leave a lot behind.

We tried to counter this with depth by including many more background interviews than we had originally intended, using the authors of two of the standard books on the strike as 'observers of the scene' operating in the historic present and without knowledge beyond the day under review. We also allowed the presenter to become personally concerned or involved with the drama as it developed. Again, the critics must tell us if we were successful in this, but there seems to be a message of sorts for the noble Annan in it somewhere.

The next problem was less under our control. The ten programmes were carefully constructed to build up a cumulative effect over the days, with the political situation behind the events gradually asserting itself. But unless you solemnly made a date to stay at home for ten days running to view them at 10.30 or so every evening, the impact would be severely reduced. Yet how many people could reasonably be expected to do that?

The final problem, which is related to this, asserted itself only in transmission. It was the most serious of all and quite beyond control, being part of the nature of television and the way we use it. It is one which has maddened anyone who has ever made a serious television programme, and yet it is a price that has to be accepted for the pleasure of working in television at all. For, however much dedication is put into a programme, the odds against it being received with a response in kind are, in the nature of things, enormous. Television – though it may often hook the passive part of the mind – does not dominate the viewer as the cinema screen does, or as a book dominates the reader or music the listener. It is at worst a triviality, at best a fascinator. Something about its position in the house ensures that it can, at best, only spasmodically command the respect which a serious attempt at communication requires. Halfway through

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one *General Strike* programme a delightful and intelligent friend actually turned from the screen at the moment an elaborate stills sequence of the strike in Fifeshire was being shown and asked about the techniques of interviewing. A particularly felicitous phrase – I thought – in another programme was lost in our own household when the new puppy chose that moment to pee on the carpet.

Then, finally, in something like five-sixths of a second after Programme Four (for example) of *The General Strike* ended, the admirable Dickie Davies appeared to promote some tantalising sports coverage and any impact Programme Four might conceivably have left on anyone was washed away like the sins of the world. It's no good saying that people who'd liked *The General Strike* could have switched Mr Davies off. We wanted people who like Dickie Davies's programmes to like ours, too.

Mercifully neither the random conversationalism nor the peeing puppy are the concern of Lord Annan. But it is just possible that in an ideal world the screen could go to a compulsory black for fifteen seconds or so between *The General Strike* and Dickie Davies so that more people might take in what both of us said. Sir Lew Grade will have made it clear to Lord Annan that, much as it breaks his heart, it is not an ideal world.

Nigel Maslin

The Return of Black Stokely

1225 Euclid Street is a pink-washed house with wired windows in one of the poorer parts of Washington. As you drive away from the green grass, the white stone and the cherry trees of the centre of government, you might be entering a different city. In front of derelict buildings, refuse spills negligently into the roadway, and there is not a white face to be seen. But the streets are still lined with cars, big, old American cars: if you have nothing else, you have a car.

1225 Euclid is the 'communications centre' for the All-African People's Revolutionary Party. In Washington on Saturday 22 May it is organising an African Liberation Day march, though probably few people know it. The A-APRP admits to being a small party. It is, after all, only ten years since Stokely Carmichael (the current party organiser), first gave voice to 'black power' and became 'Honorary Prime Minister' of the revolutionary Black Panther Party; rather less since those 'long hot summers' when race riots spread through America's cities, when 23 died in Newark, 43 in Detroit . . . It all had to do with black people taking control of their own lives: redefining themselves in their own terms, and – as Carmichael put it in the manifesto he helped to write – 'taking care of business'. It still is about that.

Stokely Carmichael grew up in Trinidad, Harlem and the Bronx, and graduated in philosophy from Howard University in Washington. In 1966 he became head of 'Snick', the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). He was then 25. SNCC had grown out of the student sit-ins of the years before the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Voting Rights Act, the years of the pacifist leadership of Dr Martin Luther King. Carmichael himself had been living dangerously in Lowndes County, Alabama, organising the local black people, getting them to register to vote and to demand their civil rights.

After 1965 the struggle took a new turn. In the eyes of many civil rights activists it became a matter not of race but of class. Also, its focus moved from the agricultural South to the industrial cities of the North. At that point, as Bayard Rustin, Dr King's principal lieutenant, explained to me in New York, Carmichael genuinely thought that non-violence had run its course. 'I'll tell you a very significant anecdote. A month before he first spoke about black power, Stokely was on a demonstration when several black women got beaten. A colleague of mine saw him at Montgomery Airport in Alabama and he broke up, crying and trembling, saying that no man should stand for that.' Carmichael says he is still ready to use violence 'at all times' – providing it will be effective. 'King's mistake,' he told me, 'was to see non-violence as a philosophy, instead of as a tactic. You cannot adopt non-violence against Ian Smith, for example. He'd never move.' There was more to Carmichael's radicalisation than thoughts about violence. 'I could not accept the white man's socialism. It looks to the white working-class to lead the struggle, but it never does.'

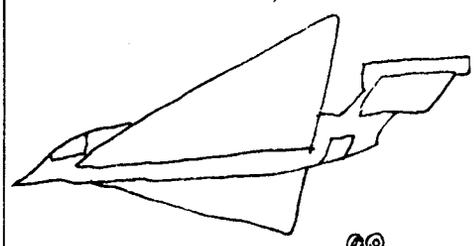
At 35 Stokely has charm and a sense of fun. He sports a small neat beard and dresses elegantly in safari suits and roll-necks. In small things he is slightly neurotic: about checking over a car before he drives it, about the food he wants to eat, about his appointments. Order is an obsession with him and fundamental to his personality.

'I used the Black Panthers – make no mistake about that, I used them. When I got expelled from SNCC I sat up all night, telephoning my friends, seeing what my support was, because I knew a man without a power base is an easy target.' He knew from the start that his ideology was different from that of the leaders, Huey Newton, Bobby Seale and Eldridge Cleaver. 'The Panthers compromised their ideology. They lacked experience. They became an appendage of the white Left. The party was finished when we left it. That was settled by the internal structure of the party, not outside forces.'

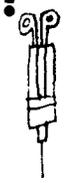
Perhaps there is another reason, too: that the whole movement simply ran out of steam. As Rustin describes it, a sense of weariness set in. 'You can't have people aroused daily from 1955 to 1968 without that happening. I once asked my mother: "Mama, how can you be so *calm*?" and she said: "It's too tiresome and annoying to be hateful." We have another saying: "Never let a white man give you indigestion".' But Bayard Rustin, socialist, pacifist, gradualist, is dismissive of Carmichael's support. 'I put it to you, if he never had the support of the working class, who look upon him as a bit of a joke, if he's been deserted by the white liberals, as well as by the black intelligentsia, for whom he was a plaything, who is interested in him? No one talks about Pan-Africanism except black students and college professors.'

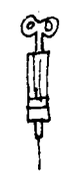
On African Liberation Day, in Washington, Stokely Carmichael's All-African People's Revolutionary Party will be marching for the total liberation and unification of the whole of Africa under scientific socialism and the liberation of all people of the African nation throughout the world. So nationalism does come before socialism? I asked him. 'Always. Everywhere. My position on Palestine is the same as on Zimbabwe: the rightful owners must have possession of their land. End of discussion.'

Huey Newton may be in Cuba, Bobby Seale is an actor, Eldridge Cleaver has surrendered voluntarily to American justice. But Stokely Carmichael is fighting for the revolutionaries in Southern Africa, Angola, Eritrea, the Arab Gulf, Puerto Rico, wherever the twin enemies American imperialism and Zionism are to be found. A 'higher cause', perhaps – but far removed from the civil rights movement of the under-privileged blacks of the United States.



WHO NEEDS THE DRUG COMPANIES?





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London Diary

☐ What can one say about Mr Grimond? If it's a weary business for him, it's an even more wearisome one for us poor scribblers. Political leaders really should *not* return to their old jobs in this way: if we can't change the plot we ought at least (as Francis Hope always used to say) to be allowed to change the characters. For my own part, I was following Jo Grimond round the town halls of the North as long ago as 1959 – which is the kind of thing that makes one feel not just old but past it. But it was, in fact, on one of those occasions that I first rumbled him. In that wonderful, parade ground, commanding officer voice of his he had just delivered a stirringly radical speech at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester: the class system, medals for troops, decorations for officers, bishops but no Free Churchmen in the House of Lords – everything was thrown in. I was not only impressionable but impressed; and it was in an admiring mood that I went later that night to meet him at dinner in a Didsbury Liberal household. I can recall the shock 17 years on: my radical champion promptly dissolved into an Establishment puppet. He dominated the dinner table by discoursing – with exactly the same vigour he had shown on the public platform – on such matters as the man who had been, in his day, school doctor at Eton.

☐ I suppose it will be said that the way things have worked out is bad news for David Steel. His best chance – and he all but had the votes – was a quick decision in Lord Byers's room. The whole Grimond manoeuvre, though he gallantly played along with it, plainly suited John Pardoe's and Emlyn Hooson's purposes rather than his. But since I still, though with increasing difficulty, like to believe that there remains a core of good sense within the Liberal Party, I am placing a small bet on him for July.

☐ Not since the *Daily Express* was pilloried for 'hounding' Donald Maclean's wife, Melinda, in the early 1950s can popular newspapers have been as unpopular as they are today with Mr and Mrs Upper-Crust. Then, as now, the whole weight of influential disapproval was hurled against Fleet Street. Persecution, intrusion, even intimidation – all the accusations that came from Jo Grimond last Monday night simply amounted to a re-run of the things that Lady Violet Bonham Carter was saying 25 years ago, just before Mrs Maclean rather let the side down by decamping to join her husband in Moscow. I suppose the most magisterial rebuke to the press this time came in a letter to *The Times* as long ago as 10 February. It was written by Humphry Berkeley, himself something of a public orator to the liberal Establishment, and I recall admiring its courage but doubting its wisdom when I first read it. It certainly, however, struck a deep and vibrant chord – reaching all the way from the former occupant of Number 10 to the previous tenant of Lambeth Palace. But the same, of course, was true in 1951; there was scarcely then an honourable and upright citizen of the kingdom who was not outraged at the way the press had behaved. Yet who was right and who was wrong? In the end it was not 'the decent opinion of mankind' that was vindicated: it was the *Daily Express* and other vulgar voices.

☐ Peter Bessell's role still strikes me as the most curious in the whole affair. So far as I can recall, I never met him – which may well have been my good fortune. But I do have a vivid memory of how in the 1960s he was regularly 'puffed' in the columns of the Beaverbrook Press. He was one of the few politicians for whom Cross-bencher consistently had a kind word, regularly praising both his anti-Common Market and pro-capital punishment stands. Indeed, there was a time when he seemed to be about the one Liberal MP who commended the party to right-wing Tories – a recommendation that at least towards the end of the 1960s seemed to the rest of the Liberal Party (including Jeremy Thorpe) something they could well do without. I have, therefore, been puzzled all through these past weeks by the relentless designation of him as Mr Thorpe's 'close friend'. Whatever may originally have been the case, that was certainly not true at least from 1968 onwards. In fact towards the end of the 1966-70 Parliament I used to find it difficult to make up my mind whether Mr Thorpe's contempt was greater for him or for Mr Wainwright. In retrospect it hardly seems to matter: in each case it was certainly well deserved.

☐ Nothing seems to me more indefensible, or indeed more heavy footed, than the way in which the Metropolitan Police handled the last chapter of the story. On a Saturday two weeks ago the *Daily Mirror* revealed that Mr Norman Scott had launched legal proceedings to recover possession of letters he had written to Jeremy Thorpe 13 or 14 years ago (and which had been in police hands virtually ever since then). What warranty the police had to hold on to the letters for so long – since no criminal charges had ever arisen from them – is scarcely self-evident: at the end it was manifestly not even evident to the police. For the moment Mr Scott took out his county court summons the Metropolitan Police promptly buckled: but they then did a rather curious thing – they released photostats of the letters to Mr Thorpe (as the owner of the copyright) at least a day or two before they let Mr Scott (as the owner of the 'property') have them back. I do not myself believe that by following this double standard – one for the influential and the other for the insignificant – they did either Mr Thorpe or, indeed, the *Sunday Times* a good turn. But more important is surely the question of by what authority the police behave in this way. Are we not all equal before the law – and, if so, should not Sir Robert Mark have seen to it that, once legal proceedings were started, legal rules were observed?

☐ The one person I hope we can all agree on this week is Marion Thorpe. No one could have come through her husband's trial by ordeal with more dignity than she has – which is what made me all the angrier about the *Daily Mail*'s attack on her last Tuesday. An understandably unbylined story appearing that day as part of the paper's woman's angle coverage ('The End of a Political Dream . . . and the women who helped to shape it') was just about the nastiest piece of journalism in the whole week. Luckily, it was not only transparently vicious but diaphanously ignorant as well. Far from being 'the aristocratic wife . . . lost in a foreign land' as the *Mail*, playing its Downstairs bit, described 'Lady Marion', Mrs Thorpe's origins are, in fact, far from grand. Her father, Erwin Stein, was an emigré musician who, before he fled from the Anschluss, conducted concerts in Austria specifically for workers. In Britain he was admired as a musicologist but lived very modestly. So, too, did Marion – for a time above a shop in St John's Wood High Street. But for some reason the press have always been able only to see her as the former Countess of Harewood. The core of the *Daily Mail*'s case against her was that she is stand-offish – 'the ordinary people of her husband's world were to her strangers from the planet X'. Nothing could be less true. She once had, after all, an independent life of her own as a very good pianist and she has always lent quiet support to aspiring young musicians. Apart from all this, in any line-up of political wives, she would certainly come across as a great deal more interested, and interesting, than most. She is, in fact, articulate, amusing and friendly. And tough enough, I hope, to withstand the *Mail*'s vengefulness.

☐ If 'This England' entries were judged on size rather than merit, this week's prize would go to one of the 50-odd entrants who thought that the funniest thing that happened last week was when a lady from Halesowen won a Round Table competition. The reward was to 'meet a young lion'; she was bitten by it, in the neck. There are more kinds of *Schadenfreude* than merely those in the Palace of Westminster.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Mrs King (29), told reporters awaiting the declaration of results that she had been in the St Paul's Ward counting room in the town hall with the baby and had started to feed the baby. 'But then a constable on duty at the door told me I had to stop as it was obscene,' she said. Mrs King, who has four young daughters, added that the constable said that if he ever saw anyone breast-feeding in public he would arrest them on the spot for indecency. – *Gloucestershire Echo* (K. Autry)

☐ St Paul's Girls' School requires a Chaplain from September 1976. This would be a full-time post, combining pastoral care with the teaching of Religious Education throughout the school. Candidates should be over 40, and happily married. – Ad in *The Times* (Henry Lunt)

☐ Against a background of servants, croquet and socialist conversation, Richard struggles with his loneliness and his secret problem; he has prophetic, bloodstained visions of the future. – *British Book News* (M. G. Sargent)

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Caroline Seebohm

The Law is a Wasp

One of presidential candidate Jimmy Carter's more successful gambits on the hustings is to give his wide-open, boyish grin and drawl softly: 'I'm not from Washington – and I'm not a lawyer.' The wild applause that tends to greet this statement may bewilder a visitor to these shores, for whom Washington is a pleasant city with cherry blossom and cheap taxis, and for whom lawyers are people in pin-striped suits who wear wigs and belong to Inns.

Lawyers are really the original population of America, apart from Indians. In the Wild West, everyone was his own lawyer – and they got the taste for it. In 1830 De Tocqueville noted: 'Americans of all ages, all conditions and all dispositions constantly form associations.' And whom do you need to form an association? A lawyer, of course. If you want to get anything done here, you have to have a lawyer. It's only a tax lawyer who can solve your internal revenue problems. To buy a house, you need a lawyer. To get married, you need a lawyer. To get a divorce, you need a battery of them. If you are ill, you need a lawyer rather more than a doctor, because doctors are so alarmed by the enormous rise in successful malpractice suits that they won't treat you without a lawyer on hand to make soothing noises and cool the fevered brow (of the doctor, that is).

If in doubt, be a lawyer. Enrolment in law schools has doubled in the last decade. Starting up a new law school was a boom industry until the recent educational recession. Think how many presidents have been lawyers – and how many of the President's Men also (remember the Watergate roll-call). The place is riddled with lawyers, and they have *carte blanche* in American society.

Much of their power has traditionally resided in the prestigious law firms of Wall Street and Washington. Louis Auchincloss's novels reflect the old money and old family atmosphere (as exclusive as any in England) of the great 'WASP' (White, Anglo-Saxon Protestant) firms such as Sullivan & Cromwell, Shearman & Sterling, Cravath, Swaine & Moore, Davis, Polk & Wardwell. Sullivan & Cromwell won't even allow their partners to carry business cards – smacks of cheap commerce rather than old boy camaraderie. To get into these firms takes brains, effort, and the right ethnic credentials. No blacks, yet; some women and Jews; even Italian descent may be fishy, as witness the lawsuit currently before the courts brought by one John Anthony Lucido who complains he failed to become a partner at Cravath owing to ethnic discrimination.

The cream of the big law schools, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, pours into these great old firms to begin a trial by ordeal. The goal is to 'make' partner (note the verb). Nothing else matters. The young men are worked to the bone, given endless night clerking work, kicked around generally and treated like dirt by the senior partners, all in the name of getting there too, one day. The competition is ruthless. Some drop out, realising the hopelessness of their chances. Others grit their teeth. Still others count on success because fathers or uncles have the necessary influence. But once having reached the age of about 32, one knows one's sentence: either the summons into the oak-panelled office with Raymond Massey giving the nod that means partnership – or dismissal for ever into the wilderness.

Men's spirits have been broken by this crisis so early in their lives. Marriages have been ruined by the late hours and obsessive drive to succeed. Children do not know their fathers. Future careers have been stunted. The *rite de passage* is a death-trap – because a lawyer who doesn't make partner is doomed. Other firms of equal prestige turn their backs to him; the mark of Cain is on his *curriculum vitae*. There are three choices open to him: to stay where he is and suffer for ever the slight of being passed over (there is rarely a second chance); to join a 'different' kind of law firm, Jewish, for instance, where the chance of future partnership exists; or to go into industry. It's like Catch 22: no law firm wants a man that old and that expensive unless he is a partner, and yet unless he can get into some other law firm he'll never become a partner.

Once partnership is attained, the joys of the good life at last begin to accrue. Social life and ambitions flourish. 'I have always dealt with the great world. The top of the heap. How people climbed up and what they found when they got there,' says one of Auchincloss's partners. The road to the State Department – and further – is a straight one. The work is with peers; these firms do not sully their hands with criminal cases, unless there is a very subtle problem of fraud or other 'white collar' crime, at which point they close ranks. (America's crime is handled by another breed, mostly media-meaty lawyers such as Melvin Belli, who used to bring whole skeletons to his trials and break off bones in demonstration of a client's injuries, and the current star of the Hearst trial, F. Lee Bailey).

The stronghold of Waspdom is not what it was, however. It is out-numbered by Jewish law firms – although ironically, the latter are suffering somewhat from the more lenient policy accorded by the Wasp firms to Jewish lawyers, in that the best of the Jewish crop are now being accepted elsewhere. But if the populace regards lawyers with suspicion, it's because of class, power and, as always in America, money. Lawyers' fees work in a mysterious way. I once worked for a Hollywood law firm one of whose illustrious movie industry clients was the late Howard Hughes. The billing for the Hughes account was the most artistic enterprise that could be imagined. Time, of course, was money, but only a part of it. Fees were *felt*, moulded, stroked into shape like potter's clay. 'Making adjustments' is what lawyers would call it; for instance, when a firm charges extra because the lawyer on the job is new and has to take lessons on the subject from a senior partner.

This may all be changing, however. For the first time in its history, in a revolutionary vote, the American Bar Association has given permission for limited advertising by lawyers in the Yellow Pages and other approved publications. The sound you hear is of legal eyebrows pinging up like cash registers all over town. For the crucial element to legal advertising must be, of course, fees. For the first time, a client can shop around. If a fee of $100 is advertised, then goodbye

The PALESTINE Report

For nearly three decades the Palestinian people have been denied the right to self-determination and freedom in their native homeland. Today three million Palestinians in exile or under Israeli occupation seek their legitimate right to join the community of independent nations.

On Palestine Day 1976 'The Palestine Report' will be published by The Free Palestine Information Office in London. The full text will be published in The Guardian on May 14th and 15th.

Contributors include: Uri Davis, Andrew Faulds, MP, Peter Hain, Said Hammami, Emlyn Hooson, QC, MP, Dr Ghada Karmi, Dr Alfred Lilienthal, Musa Mazzawi, David Watkins, MP, Marion Woolfson. Edited by Louis Eaks.

Exclusively in The Guardian
Friday 14th and Saturday 15th May, 1976
Sponsored by The Free Palestine Information Office

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to the 'adjustments'. Needless to say, it's not the Sullivan & Cromwells who are going to get hurt. It's the regional firms, who may lose claims to 'go-go' lawyers with smaller advertised fees. The Wasps are secure. What their clients go for is the name, not the price. Sullivan & Cromwell on the letterhead makes the same signal as the initial of Yves Saint Laurent on the scarf. Big government is still big government, and lawyers still rule the roost – so, Jimmy Carter, on with your artfully ingenuous campaign.

New York

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Saints Alive

Ever selfless in the service of others, I keep, as you know, a sharp eye on the government expenditure that is lavished on public dinners and the exact extent to which your and my money is being thrust, in comestible form, down other people's throats. It is with some dismay therefore that I note that, not long ago, the Secretary of State for the Environment, whatever that may amount to, 'threw' a luncheon at Admiralty House in honour of a Norwegian environmentalist, a Mrs Gro Harlem Brundtland. Now why should he do that? Ten other guests. What did they munch and at what cost to us? It took place, it is true, on the Feast of St Sigismond of Burgundy, but I hardly see why this happy event should be a reason for Dr Shirley Summerskill and Lord Duncan-Sandys to go along and get a free tuck-in. What further beanos are planned? Will the Feasts of St Ildefonso of Toledo and St John of Nepomuck cause hospitable stirrings in the breasts of the Home Office or the Min. of Ag. and Fish ('cod's off')?

If my mind is full of saints, it is because I have just been pondering on Southampton's splendid Cup Final victory (so jolly when an under-dog wins through), a popular result to which the newspapers did full justice: 'The Saints Go Marching In', etc. And how admirable too were, in defeat, the dignity and warm generosity of Manchester United. How moving it can be when something agreeable happens and everybody behaves well: so much more emotional than supposedly sad and tear-jerking occasions (old grannies can, in the due course of things, die by the dozen and find me dry-eyed). The bearing of the deeply disappointed Mr Docherty was saintlike. St Tommy of Manchester? Perhaps not, but only because there are already such a bewildering array and multitude of them.

A painful death is the number one requisite of a really solid saint but some of them have proved tiresomely bounceable and difficult to dispose of. After hitting St Euphemia sharply on the head for some time with a wooden mallet, they applied a lighted match to her, only to discover that she was entirely incombustible. Hungry lions, starved for a week, were then offered her as their main *plat* but merely licked her feet. Poisonous serpents rather pointedly ignored her, and attempts to saw off selected portions of her were a complete failure. Artists depict her as going in for rather showy clothes, her survival kit including primrose-yellow hostess gowns, flowing white veils and crimson bridge-coatees. They caught her napping in the end (with a sword) but she still wasn't totally done for, her relics, thrown into the sea by Leo the Iconoclast, suddenly popping up again on the island of Lemnos. There's resilience for you!

About some of the saints I am not entirely happy. It is true that St Bavon of Ghent latterly lived solely on wild herbs and perched permanently in a hollow tree, but he did have a full 50 years of glorious dissipation to look back on and was, I dare say, glad of a breather. Though St Bernard, finding himself in an excited state after feasting his eyes on a beautiful woman, rushed full tilt into a wintry pool of icy water and strayed there until the feeling, indeed all feeling, had passed, we are not told what steps he took, if any, during outstandingly clement weather. I would have more confidence in an all-the-year-round discourager. And I am unhappy, in a different sense, about poor little St Reparate (beheaded at the age of 12) to whom the Duomo at Florence was formerly dedicated. Then, as Florence grew in importance, she was brutally downgraded and replaced by a mixed double of a very formidable kind: the Virgin Mary and St John the Baptist.

Several of the saints have been extremely useful about the house and garden. St Scholastica, sister of St Benedict, despite being cluttered up by having a dove at her bosom, was able to cause cloudbursts at will, a real jewel in the crown of any Metropolitan Water Board. St Alban, too, obligingly performed watery miracles, in a sort of shower of grace-notes, all the way to the scaffold. For marsh draining and general cultivation, apply to St Guthlac. Worried by foreign squatters? Eviction orders promptly carried out, with ferocious fanaticism, by St Ferdinand of Castila. Though we are told that St Francis Borgia encouraged agriculture and founded schools, one would need to know just that little bit more about him before joining him at a mouth-watering cold buffet.

If only, alas, some of the names sounded a pinch more homely and melodious! What, for example, can one make of St Ethelberga of Barking (a great reader), St Modwena of Polesworth, St Swidbert, St Willibald, St Polycarp (star billing in the amphitheatre on men-*v*-animals nights) and St Phocas, while those who have suffered from French taxi-drivers, both in peril and extortion, will be outraged to hear of the existence of St Fiacre (Irish, but domiciled in Paris).

Some names instantly strike a chord. What nervous traveller can ever hear the name St Pancras without glancing anxiously at his watch? And what of little St Vitus, baptised a Christian at the age of 12 and then thrown by his furious parents into a dungeon (his father, peering through the keyhole, was amazed to see him dancing a wild 'excuse me' with seven angels)? Immersion in a cauldron of boiling oil put a brisk stop to all that capering, or perhaps momentarily increased it, St Vitus living on as a substitute for the alarm-clock. Heavy sleepers, anxious to be up betimes, can invoke his aid and receive some really deafening early morning farmyard crowing.

One hunts in vain for news of the life and martyrdom of St Leger, only to find that the race was named, in 1778, after Colonel St Leger. And though St Patrick's cabbage (London pride) and St Agnes's flower (a snowflake) are pleasant enough, not all saintly prefixes have agreeable associations. Do you realise that if, after St Martin's evil and St Hubert's disease, you make acquaintance with St Johnston's riband, you would in fact be drunk, suffering from hydrophobia, and dangling from the end of the hangman's rope?

Roger Woddis

Something to Celebrate

He came once more to the window
And waved to the people below:
Was this the yard of his prison
Or could it be Belton Way, Bow?

He vaguely remembered the journey,
When everything seemed so unreal,
The mikes and the mandatory questions:
'Exactly, George, how do you feel?'

He wanted to run from the cameras,
He needed a glass in his hand,
Something stronger than cider with Rosie,
Something not bottled or canned.

He recalled what the AG had told him
That Tuesday in Albany Jail:
'Mr Davis, you're going home shortly –
Sit down, man, you're looking quite pale.'

He saw all the painted graffiti,
He heard all the hullabaloo,
The cheers and the tears of his children,
And couldn't believe it was true.

But something was clearer than daylight:
It's rarely, if ever, too late,
And nothing that anyone values
Is handed to us on a plate.

He knew that he hadn't been pardoned,
The evidence gaping with holes,
And everything has to be fought for,
Whether justice or women or goals.

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Letters to the Editor

The Liberals' Opportunity

Sir, In light of the search for a new leader for the Liberal Party, it is perhaps useful to refer back to the earlier comments by Anthony Howard on the Labour leadership contest ('Conclave or Convention?' NS 26 March). In particular, his comments on the Canadian method of selection might profitably be recalled, and I would like to add a brief footnote to his discussion.

With particular reference to the participation of a wide spectrum of party membership in a leadership convention it should be noted that Canada's two major parties 'blazed a trail' more remarkable than the recently founded NDP. The last 11 leaders of the two parties have all been chosen by the rank-and-file membership since the first convention in 1919. (Liberal four, Progressive Conservative seven.)

This method of selection has provided a valuable element of flexibility in the recruitment of leaders, often with a resulting emergence of new talent. Of the 11 leaders chosen since 1919 three had been provincial premiers with no national experience; four had served in the House of Commons for less than six years; and only two of the remaining four had parliamentary terms which came anywhere near rivalling their opposite numbers in the recent Labour leadership campaign – Manion with 21 years in the House and John Diefenbaker, who had served for 17 years.

The one 'near exception' to the convention method of leadership selection in the past 57 years provides an interesting facet. In the Progressive Conservative Party's troubled days of the early 1940s their leader, Dr Robert Manion, resigned after his personal defeat in the 1940 general election. Manion was implored to return and rally a leaderless party in late 1941 by a party caucus composed of MPs, defeated candidates, privy councillors and members of the National Executive. He agreed and submitted himself for re-election to the House of Commons in the North York by-election of 9 February 1942. Defeated there by the electors he resigned finally as leader, to be succeeded by the convention-selected John Bracken.

LINDA ANDERSON
London School of Economics
Houghton Street
London WC2

Identity Parades and Probability

Sir, In the wake of George Davis's welcome release, may we agree with the points made by Peter Hain regarding the shortcomings of Lord Devlin's report on identification (Letters 30 April)? Our only reservation reflects a point made in the report – that too much attention to rules might serve to increase the prominence of identification parades in trial proceedings. Court-room arguments about adherence to rules might not be in the best interests of the innocent victim of false identification. We would like to add a further comment concerning Devlin's disagreement with our proposal that identification parades should include 20 participants rather than the present eight.

Lord Devlin's advice from the Home Office Statistical Department was that the 5 per cent significance level is no more than 'a commonly used rule of thumb'. While agreeing that it is arbitrary in the sense that there is nothing magical about 5 per cent, it nevertheless has served professional statisticians as the standard ever since Sir Ronald Fisher argued in 1935 that 'It is usual and convenient for experimenters to take 5 per cent as a standard level of significance, in the sense that they are prepared to ignore results which fail to reach this standard'. (*The Design of Experiments*).

Devlin argues against increasing the size on the grounds that the parade's assembly could become difficult. The NCCL/Tavistock submission to the Devlin Committee also argues against increased size on the grounds that it might serve to confuse the witness. We would dispute both of these views. When one reads of the massive numbers of persons interviewed in some police investigations, frequently involving blanket coverage of whole communities, it does not seem to be too much to ask – at what might be a crucial point in the direction of a police investigation – that 19 volunteers are recruited to participate in a parade.

The general public has indicated over the Virag/Dougherty/Davis/Hain cases its concern to improve identification procedures. Most would be only too willing to help. Equally, whilst the witness is under a degree of pressure which might create confusion, it is also true that witnesses are frequently invited to inspect photographic records which run into the hundreds. Market research commonly expects ordinary persons to be able to order 20 or more items according to an abstract criterion (e.g. different brands of goods according to preference) – a much more difficult task than that of selecting just one particular item. A witness who is confused by 20 will most likely be confused by eight in which case the innocent suspect is best protected by increased numbers. Looked at from every perspective – police, judge, jury, innocent suspect, prosecution, defence, man-in-the-street, victim – there are clear advantages in improving the effectiveness of parades by increasing their size.

Regardless of the issue of numbers, the relevance of probability theory to the interpretation of the results of parades cannot be dismissed by Devlin with the confusing remark: 'The purpose of the parade is not to produce material for a random selection.' In contrast, such theory is central to the assessment by policeman and juryman of the uncertain information generated by such parades.

BILL BYTHEWAY
MALCOLM CLARKE
Medical Sociology Research Centre, Swansea

Wilson on Concorde

Sir, Andrew Wilson's side-swipe at the Hindenburg, at the end of an otherwise telling article on Concorde (NS 7 May), is hardly fair.

(1) On the development programme cost he quotes, the number of noiseless and non-polluting Hindenburgs we could now have crossing the Atlantic in all directions is 120 (at least; I use the – to some, fantastic – Masefield 1970 figure of £3,000m. for development, doubled for inflation, and a cost per ship of £5m.).

(2) Twelve of these alone would provide three flights a day to New York, with accommodation which would make the first-class cabin of a 747 look like a sardine can. With a 40-hour flight time, the 50 passengers would get two good nights' sleep en route, with secretarial facilities and radio telephone links at extra charge.

(3) I would not attempt to predict a fare for this genuine revolution in transport, but some comparative idea can perhaps be obtained from the tractive force required per passenger: Concorde, 692 kg; Hindenburg, 207 kg.

'The way not to do things'? Surely Mr Wilson can't have it both ways. *Everything* he says about Concorde points to the conclusion that the Hindenburg could be eminently the *right* way to do things. Or does he have in mind, like any Tom, Dick, or Harry might, the film rather than the airship? Your readers, Sir, will of course know that the Hindenburg was designed for helium, and only became a flying bomb because the US had then a world monopoly of helium. Even so, I daresay Mr Wilson would take a bet with BAC that Concorde's first crash will not spare two out of three of the lives on board.

L. C. LAMING
Imperial College of Science and Technology
Exhibition Road,
London SW7

Sir, In his article 'The Concorde Tragi-Comedy' (NS 7 May) Andrew Wilson suggests that some unseen power at the BBC secretly excised a vital piece of anti-Concorde evidence from our recent *Panorama* film on the subject, the night before transmission.

The facts are less exciting. Late-night film editing is an unfortunate aberration of current affairs programmes like *Panorama*, as reporter and producer struggle (up to the moment of transmission) to fit what they want to say and show into the time available. On this occasion, as on every other, some film material had to be dropped. The sequence Andrew Wilson describes, the US environmental hearings, was finally transmitted with one advocate for Concorde and three critics – which pretty accurately reflected what happened in Washington.

If Mr Wilson is unhappy with that 'balance', then nothing will please him but straight propaganda for his cause. Could his chagrin be due to the fact that it was, sadly, his own contribution that was dropped?

RICHARD LINDLEY
Panorama
Lime Grove Studios
London W12

Class War: 1926

Sir, Why do writers to the NEW STATESMAN always have to *sneer* so much? (A. J. P. Taylor, 'Class War: 1926', NS 30 April). Dr Wand (he did not, incidentally, proceed to the degree of Doctor of Divinity until 18 years after the General Strike) was indeed muscular and a Christian. His advice to the youthful Mr Taylor was obviously sympathetic, thoughtful and helpful. I am sure that I am not the only old member of Oriel who remembers Dr Wand (he is now 96) with affectionate respect and is proud to have known a man who could so charmingly combine devout churchmanship with amused tolerance for the brisk exuberance of our youth.

P. N. L. LYCETT
South Lodge
Copthorne, Crawley
Sussex

Technical Colleges

Sir, Tom Forester in his article 'Tech Fodder' (NS 7 May) hits some easy targets and produces an entertaining piece of journalism, but he must be aware that the part-time teaching of O-level sociology at Borchester is not exactly in the main stream of technical college work. He is lucky to be working in what looks like a modern factory. Many lecturers have to work in disused schools, church halls and tin huts.

Unlike Borchester is Newhampton Technical College, where I work. Here we run classes of English for the immigrant community, teacher-training courses and an experimental course linked with the local polytechnic for disadvantaged 16-19-year-olds. This is beside a wide variety of technical courses ranging from build-

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ing and engineering to art and design. This, I suggest, is more typical of technical education than Mr Forester's jaundiced portrait. Certainly resources and buildings are inadequate, though this is true unfortunately of many educational institutions.

If he really cares about the job and the students, there are two courses of action Mr Forester can take. He could attempt to get a proper counselling service for all students at the college. He should also be an active member of the appropriate trade union, the National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education. NATFHE is a body capable of making changes, and worth the support of any conscientious lecturer. But then perhaps Mr Forester was only there for the beer-money.

F. TONKS

7 Pelham Square
Brighton

Hospital 'Hotel' Costs

Sir, I expect Kingsley Amis will be taking Dr Savage (Letters 7 May) to task over her grammatical misconstructions, so may I be permitted to comment on her opinions?

It is simply not true that the only factor determining the length of a patient's hospital stay is his social circumstances. Despite much recent writing on the most effective methods of treatment, individual doctors' vagaries are still important determinants. This week's *Lancet* quotes median lengths of stay under different consultants, varying for instance from two to 12 days for hernia repair and from three to 18 days for hysterectomy. A recent paper from Bristol showed that in a randomised study of patients with heart attacks, no group did better in hospital, and one group did significantly worse. Yet those patients continue to be admitted to coronary care units, which cost about £500 per patient.

The gulf between doctors and DHSS is not due to a misconception on the part of the civil servants. Rather it is because the doctors are unable, or perhaps unwilling, critically to examine their practice, as it relates both to their own patients, and to the priorities of the health service as a whole.

Until doctors are prepared to accept their responsibility both for individual audit and national decision-making in National Health Service priorities, the choice is between employing administrators or continuing to allow doctors to spend public money on measures of unproven efficacy or need. The remedy for Dr Savage's anxieties lies in her own hands.

SHEILA ADAM

9 Foxglove Road
Begbroke
Oxford

At the National

Sir, Vivika Mortensen is fair enough to indicate in her letter (30 April) that she is being unjust to our new booking scheme by criticising it without experiencing it. But she still doesn't feel inclined to give it a try, for she goes on to say that 'as long as the present ticket system continues, National Theatre productions will be a pleasure which I will have to forgo'. May I try to build her confidence a little? Over the six weeks or so that the new system has been operating it seems to have worked well for the majority of people, achieving to a heartening degree its chief aims, which are to hold prices down to a reasonable level, and to offer more good seats close to performance time than was possible at the Old Vic.

Nevertheless Vivika Mortensen's letter expresses worries which are in fact due to two widely held misunderstandings. One is that voucher holders must claim their seats two hours before the play starts – whereas a voucher guarantees you a good seat at the performance for which you have booked if you arrive *at any time* during the two hours before it begins. The other is that the 200 cheap seats are available only on the day – whereas half the £1 seats are now obtainable in advance. Please, Vivika Mortensen, at least give the new scheme a go before rejecting it.

PETER STEVENS
General Administrator

National Theatre
South Bank
London SE1

On the Doorstep

Sir, Am I seeing things? Making unjustified assumptions, perhaps? Or does Barbara Burge (NS 7 May) really mean us to understand that she can discern a potential Labour voter because, amid the Jaguars, camellias and towelling dressing gowns of 'the Chestnuts' she espies 'dingy' net curtains and an uncultivated garden?

All of those (understandably) few who expressed a willingness to vote for her appear to live in domestic yuckiness, except the befloured lady who can be depended upon because of her strange fondness for Chilprufe vests. What on earth is Ms Burge trying to say? That muckiness marks the salt of the earth? Or is there something intrinsically, or politically, wrong with a tidy, even a (dare I say it) smart home?

Quite apart from being thoroughly offensive to her handful of supporters, she is well on the way to alienating the traditionally house-proud working classes. After reading her piece – potentially and in parts actually informative – I can't help wishing (a) that her blasted tights fell down, and (b) that she didn't get her seat on the council.

DULAN BARBER

4 Holyport Road
London SW6

Fassbinder's Fan Club

Sir, It nags at me increasingly that John Coleman waxes so churlish whenever he discusses Rainer Werner Fassbinder (NS 7 May). The grounds for his grudge against the German director remain somewhat nebulous, as his (Mr Coleman's) arguments tend to be false and fatuous.

Nobody has ever had to 'sniff out' Fassbinder's debt to Sirk; he publicly acknowledged it himself, as far back as 1971, in an essay in the German journal *Fernsehen Film*, entitled 'Imitations of Life', and since then he has referred time and again to the Sirkian aspects of his work.

Mr Coleman is correct in stating that 'M' was based on the character of Peter Kurten and not Fritz Haarman, but he has misconstrued the intentions of Ulli Lommel and his collaborators who wanted to expose the sort of social putrescence that could nurture such criminal impulses as Haarman's. To label Fassbinder a 'sordid sorcerer' and his films as 'blue' is to dismiss one of the finest talents in cinematic history.

L. D. ROBINSON

44 Stanwick Mansions
London W14

Amis's Topside View

Sir, It ill becomes an elitist to complain that the lower orders can't write good English. If they could, what would elitism have to rest on? Illiteracy is the price we pay for elitism.

Raising standards in education, like raising living standards, either flattens the pyramid and reduces elitism, or jacks it up bodily, maintaining differentials and leaving elitism intact to patronise the poor. What does Kingsley Amis make of 'Pity would be no more/If we did not make somebody poor'?

JOHN KIRKHAM

17 Belton Lane
Grantham, Lincolnshire

Network Speaking Unto Network?

Sir, In the light of your recent correspondence about the *Listener*, you might be interested to know that our advertisement for the television series *General Strike Report* (which was carried in the NEW STATESMAN 30 April) was rejected by the *Listener*. To explain this rejection we were told that the *Listener* could not accept an advertisement for a Yorkshire Television programme in a BBC magazine.

JEREMY TAYLOR
Public Relations Manager

Yorkshire Television Ltd
Leeds

Nyerere and Shakespeare

Sir, Your reviewer, Mr Paul Theroux (NS 7 May), should know that Mwalimu Julius Nyerere translated two plays of Shakespeare into Swahili and not one as he writes. They were *Julius Caesar* and *The Merchant of Venice*.

In the opinion of some who know both languages well the translations were well and not badly done.

P. H. C. CLARKE

62 Eastwick Row
Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire

Agatha Christie

Sir, Many have expressed the desire that there should be some charitable memorial to commemorate the name of Agatha Christie. The two causes which she had most at heart were help for old people and young children. It has therefore been agreed that two charities, the Little Sisters of the Poor, and the Agatha Christie Trust for Children should be the beneficiaries.

Contributors are invited to send their donations to: Hughes Massie Limited, 69 Great Russell Street, London WC1, where the proceeds will be divided equally between the two charities, unless a particular preference is specified. Cheques should be made payable to Hughes Massie Limited, Agatha Christie Memorial Account.

MAX MALLOWAN

Wallingford
Oxfordshire

Nooky Corner

Sir, Before finally passing on my much thumbed copy of a mid-January edition of the NEW STATESMAN, I read all the advertisements – particularly the ones in the personal column.

Tell me, did the 'exhausted deserted wife' manage to find someone to help her out? I wonder how the 'working class man of 67' arranged to pool resources with a lady in the West Country? How did the tall country Englishman get on, perhaps even now eating a frugal meal in some southern European hide-out? I was tempted to write to him, but it's a long way to come, though I'm sure he'd love raw fish in lime juice and coconut cream.

Perhaps you could offer some free space to satisfied advertisers so that a 'busy intelligent woman living and working on a tiny tropical island' can find out if advertising really pays.

GWYNETH MILLAR

Box 65
Nauru, Central Pacific

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BOOKS & ARTS

V. S. Pritchett

The Sadness of the Body

A New Life of Anton Chekhov by RONALD HINGLEY *Oxford* £8.75

Mr Hingley has followed his biographical and critical portrait of Chekhov, done in the Fifties, with a full plain life in which criticism takes a seat at the back. As a translator and as the editor of the Oxford Chekhov he now has a rather no-nonsense, proprietorial attitude to his subject. Without any drift towards debunking he rejects the view that Chekhov was some kind of twilight lyricist and saint but gives high marks for affability, kindness, humanity, and only one or two low ones for selfishness to women. This is high scoring for a writer. Russians may have been sentimental about him – Gorki was very tender – but I do not recollect that biographers like Magarshack and Ernest Simmons have idealised him. What has most attracted the English readers of Chekhov's stories and of his life is his European quality, his freedom from the doctrinal afflictions of no doubt greater Russians, his dislike of 'isms' and also that note of crazy, disillusioned and, above all, emotional boredom – the English vice. His sense of comedy and farce is not far from our own, when we forget our obsession with manners and class.

A large number of Chekhov's letters, packed with everyday life, has been available to biographers (especially since the Fifties) and now include the opening two volumes of the Complete Russian Chekhov, which will be ready in the early Eighties. Like Turgenev, he remains elusive; unlike Turgenev he seems to be a man eagerly in the making, living fast, yet insuring himself at the same time because he knows he will die young. He likes champagne and parties. Both writers were attacked for their detachment from the messianic factions of Russian criticism: as a practising doctor Chekhov had no time for doctrinaire reformers; he knew the sadness of the human body. Both story-tellers were truth-tellers who believed in stating a question exactly, not in solving it. Both were rightly enraged at being called 'unprincipled'. The chief difference between them is, of course, one of generation and class, but in Chekhov the will and vitality were more concentrated and he knew Russia inside out in his self-scattering way, as Turgenev never did. Turgenev had his well-known dilemma which dramatises his life: Chekhov had none, other than his bad health and brisk determination to earn his living, and he presents the biographer with a character that runs an even course.

There is a hard core in Chekhov's restless nature: if one wants to make a point or two against him it is, as Mr Hingley says, that he was evasive almost to the point of coldness in intimate emotional concerns affecting himself. He dodged and protected himself by jokes and facetious banter. He flitted between noisy Bohemian or family gregariousness and the desire to be alone; there is no suggestion of immaturity in his life; indeed, he seems to have been born grown-up, even old. The astonishing thing is the will to work, which was implanted in him by mean poverty when he was young and by a pride in taking on responsibility. He supported his father – the bankrupt shopkeeper – his mother and his sisters for life and, even as a medical student, took charge of the home. Even his larking about, his drinking and philanderings, his preference for hearty girls, his hangovers, his farming, his work on local councils – not to mention his practical public efforts on behalf of libraries and hospitals – seem to spring from a nature which knows it can do anything and also can irritably shut the door on the outside world whenever it chooses. One of the amusing things Mr Hingley mentions is the ease with which he managed to get about Russia on his medical work without the proper papers. One of the pleasantest things is to find classlessness in this petit bourgeois; he created and fiercely preserved his own freedom.

Mr Hingley is cheered – as an academic may well be – by the sight of Chekhov's skills in managing the date lines, demands and quarrels of his life as a Grub Street hack. The fact that his stuff was beneath his possibilities did not dim his keenness. He is one of the few writers who began by writing trash and rose above it by force of will. It seemed a dangerous move to work for Suvorin, the rich, dubious reactionary, and perhaps this would have ruined others who regarded writing for Suvorin as a betrayal of liberalism and reform. Chekhov survived naturally because it would never have occurred to him to conform; he needed money to keep his family, but far more for the more strenuous task of releasing the gifts of which he was confident. He had the decency to be grateful to Suvorin all his life; only after Suvorin became anti-Semitic did he refuse to write for him. It is a good sign in Chekhov as an artist that he sickens rapidly of each success, that he despairingly attempts to get away from it all – in order to get back to it, but in a different way.

There is one period in which he is thought to have been close to breakdown; he felt he had grown stale and for this reason abruptly decided on the famous journey to the convict settlement at Sakhalin. He was also angered by the attacks of Lavros and the Populists – it is the natural irritation of the artist with politicians who see life in terms of movements instead of individual human terms. If these matters were the cause of his gloom the impulsive and dangerous expedition was not only an exhilarating enlargement but, in its way, an enjoyable revenge: for it was not by theorising in an armchair about 'going to the people' that he repaid his debt to society: he went to see for himself those who had been thrown out of society: the wretched convicts and the political exiles. In those days the railway reached no further than the Urals and most of the journey had to be done by uncovered cart and out-of-date river steamers. The Sakhalin letters are brilliant and I wish Mr Hingley had given us extracts instead of paraphrasing them. The return journey from the East is one of Chekhov's enjoyable jaunts.

No year of Chekhov's life is dull. He is one of the most varied and spontaneous Russian letter writers, not quite as pungent and intellectually dazzling as Pushkin, but managing some excited mixture of sardonic dilapidation and sharp seriousness; the language flashes with the off-hand, the actor's throwaway fancies, and always catches the mood of the hour. He abounds shamelessly in contradictory assertions. Almost any letter has the germ of thought and story. Mr Hingley uses this material well and also brings in the crowd of people whom the battered solitary could never quite dispense with; to the Chekhov who was too kind and too delicate to say No, exasperation was a sort of necessity. Like all Russians, he seems to be surrounded by hangers-on. When he escapes from 'hated' Moscow and less hated St Petersburg to set up as the delighted squire of Melikhovo, the crowds follow him. 'Every passing intellectual,' he wrote, 'feels in duty bound to call and to warm up.' And Mr Hingley writes:

> Besides writers, editors, girls, female admirers, local government officials, neighbours, doctor colleagues, distant relatives and a posse of hunters, and dogs, were liable to 'lurch in'.

Chekhov wrote:

> There are crowds of people at my place and I long for solitude, but when I'm left alone, I'm bad tempered and feel disgusted by the day which has passed. Nothing but food and talk, food and talk all day long.

And there was doctoring. Some intimates have doubted whether Chekhov was well-equipped as a doctor and have suspected he had no real vocation. He certainly had his disappearances from the profession. But the peasants were always at his door. If a man was found lying in the road, pierced by a pitchfork, or a child had fallen into a cauldron of boiling water, or a bride arrived with worms in the ear and syphilis, he treated them. Four or five times a day he was called out. The brutality of the Russian peasant disgusted him – but he could not resist a human being. Treatment was free; he paid for his dispensary out of his own pocket. Sometimes a grateful patient might give him a pig or six pairs of gloves as a reward. Whatever Chekhov's qualifications, he was a spontaneous medical organiser when cholera broke out. He was active in the building of local hospitals and got himself appointed Junior Superintendent Medical Officer, Retired. The ruse preserved his anonymity and freedom. As Mr Hingley says, the serf's grandson from the south, the failed shopkeeper's son, the farmer, doctor, writer and future husband of a famous

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actress, 'touched Russia at all points and adhered to none, a truly modern man but untypical in not being obsessed by class'. It is characteristic of him that he had no time for Marxism and was astonished to find the paper that so enthusiastically published his *In the Ravine* was a Marxist organ. They wouldn't like it, he grinned, when they found out!

On Chekhov's relations with the women who pursued him, Mr Hingley notes that the bold and cheerful women he preferred are usually unlike the heroines of his stories, and that he is better at evoking the failure of marriages and the end of love rather than its beginnings, and most aware of disillusion. Strong, ruling women he detested and, in general, he is evasive. He said he had few physical love affairs and there is a general impression that any such incidents were brief; it seems probable that his bad health eventually made him sexually apathetic; after his thirties he said he was no longer 'tossing about on the sea of life and riding out the storm in the flimsy boat of profligacy . . . I am gradually become impotent'. This is a blow to those who think nowadays that sexual energy is necessary to creative energy. The subject is not very profitable because we can know little about what goes on in private sexual life even in these times of apparent candour. Chekhov certainly was too prolific as a writer and too thoroughly possessed by the importance of work, too subject to boredom, to stand the racket of any long romantic entanglement. Some have wondered whether there was something unconsciously incestuous and pre-empting in his relationships with his sister, who adored him and slaved for him and whom he too thoroughly dissuaded from marrying when she did fall in love. This is surely nonsense – I agree with Mr Hingley: Chekhov was self-centred and dominated his sister as he did the rest of his family. It is true that his sister was very distressed and jealous when he married Olga Knipper, but it is not unknown for a favourite sister to be upset when her brother marries.

Also, rightly in my opinion, Mr Hingley dismisses Lydia Avilov's story of Chekhov's love for her as a fantasy. The answer to the question of Chekhov's attitude to women lies in the well-documented story of his marriage to Olga Knipper, whom he did love. He had taken care to choose a woman whose career, like his own, came first. They were happier, I suspect, when she was his mistress; decorum, or rather an uncommon sensibility to his family's hurt feelings, turned the affair into a marriage. Olga Knipper, one notices, belongs among the bold, loud-laughing, tumultuous women he liked. She brought the theatre to him, one more of his love-hates. He loved to instruct and to pull over-acting to pieces: in short, to rule; his own divided nature responded to the double life of the actress. Olga Knipper was clever, she could match his badinage. If their joyous meetings were followed by his bored silences and obvious plans to vanish, the torments of absence made him long for her to disturb his precision and the neatness of his house at Yalta with her untidy presence. He was the most clerkly of Bohemians. The happiness depended above all on the separations, on the Chekhovian feeling for farewells, and on the comedy that is on the point of coming to an end, as he planted trees at Yalta, screamed with boredom at the shabby town, spat blood and longed for Nice, which was warmer and cheaper. The worldly yet sensitive Bunin thought Olga Knipper terrible and the marriage a disaster for a man of Chekhov's sensibility, and for a man who was really dying. But who knows where people find their happiness? He was beside himself when she miscarried and was brought down from Moscow terribly ill.

Michael Longley

Edward Thomas's War Diary

1 January-8 April, 1917

One night in the trenches
You dreamed you were at home
And couldn't stay to tea,
Then woke where shell holes
Filled with bloodstained water,

Where empty beer bottles
Littered the barbed wire – still
Wondering why there sang
No thrushes in all that
Hazel, ash and dogwood,

Your eye on what remained –
Light spangling through a hole
In the cathedral wall
And the little conical
Summer house among trees.

Green feathers of yarrow
Were just fledging the sods
Of your dugout when you
Skirted the danger zone
To draw panoramas,

To receive larks singing
Like a letter from home
Posted in No Man's Land
Where one frantic bat seemed
A piece of burnt paper.

Derek Mahon

Cloacal Dagger

Selected Letters of James Joyce edited by RICHARD ELLMANN *Faber* £12.50 and £6.50

Joyce's letters are, of course, already available in three volumes, the first edited by Stuart Gilbert, the second and third by Richard Ellmann. The present volume is a distillation of its predecessors, but includes additional material, and it's in this additional material that its interest lies. There are ten letters not previously published, and passages omitted from other letters in the earlier volumes have been restored. Professor Ellmann tells us, in his introduction, that there have hitherto been 'several obstacles to the publication in its entirety of Joyce's correspondence with his wife'. What were these obstacles? We are not told; but they have evidently been surmounted, and it will come as no surprise that the newly restored material in the correspondence with Nora concerns their sexual life.

Except for two brief Platonic episodes, Joyce, like that other once 'dirty' writer, Lawrence, was a one-woman man. As Frieda for Lawrence, so Nora for Joyce was both inspiration and exasperation. (Though Nora was worse. A sardonic country girl, she always refused to read Joyce's work, wondering aloud in company why he didn't write something people could understand, something that would make a bit of money.) In 'The Holy Office' Joyce described himself as 'unafraid, unfellowed, friendless and alone'; but from the moment he took up with Nora this ceased to be true. He couldn't manage without her, and his absences from home, wherever home happened to be at the time, were fraught with sexual frustration.

In the summer of 1909, when home was Trieste, Joyce took his son Giorgio on a trip to Ireland. Soon after his arrival an old Dublin crony, Vincent Cosgrave, maliciously hinted to Joyce that he, Cosgrave, had had to do with Nora five years before, when Joyce was first 'walking out' with her. Joyce was shattered, and wrote to her:

> My heart is full of bitterness and despair. I can see nothing but your face as it was then raised to meet another's. I shall cry for days. My faith in that face I loved is broken. O Nora, Nora, have pity for my poor wretched love.

There was, of course, no truth in Cosgrave's insinuation, as Joyce soon discovered. If Joyce was a one-woman man, Nora was from the first a one-man woman. As Joyce's father trenchantly declared, on hearing that his son had taken up with a girl called Barnacle: 'She'll never leave him.' But his pride had been hurt, and the integrity, even in retrospect, of their bold and symbolic relationship put at risk. Scared and disorientated, he now wrote her a series of letters appealing for a new intensity in their relations, specifically a new physical intensity:

> Adorn your body for me, dearest. Be beautiful and happy and loving and provoking full of memories, full of cravings, when we meet . . . My jealousy is still smouldering in my heart. Your love for me must be fierce and violent to make me forget utterly.

He says there is a place he would like to kiss her: 'A strange place, not on the lips do you know where?' He asks her to wear black underwear, and much else besides.

There is a brief interval in this programme of epistolary excitation when he returns to Trieste and, presumably, to the black under

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wear. But he is soon back in Dublin, this time to found, with the backing of three Triestine businessmen, the Volta Cinema, the first in Ireland; and the correspondence takes up where it left off. ('Tonight the old fever of love has begun to wake in me again.') This is where Professor Ellmann's additional material begins to put in an appearance. Joyce, maddened at first by a half-serious threat from Nora that she would leave him (money troubles, presumably), works himself into a frenzy of desire and adoration. At one moment she is 'my darling brown-arsed fuckbird,' at another 'my beautiful wild flower of the hedges, my dark-blue, rain-drenched flower'. No reader of Joyce will be surprised to find that anal preoccupations loom large, as they seem to have done also for Nora ('Write more and dirtier, darling'). A residual *pudeur* – or is it a sense of the ridiculous? – prevents me from quoting at any length; but you may rest assured that the Joyces had a grand time together.

The additional material is not confined to erotic matters. There are, for example, five new letters to Harriet Weaver about *Finnegans Wake*, where, in contrast to the tone of his letters to Nora, he seems, as Professor Ellmann remarks, 'to want not only to act politely towards her, but to see himself as meeting the English Protestant middle class with adequate decorum'. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. The mild Miss Weaver, of course, never turned a hair at even the most cloacal passages in his work, worrying only about reports that he sometimes drank too much. In general the present selection keeps a happy balance between those letters which illuminate the man and those which illuminate the work.

There is perhaps excessive space devoted to the correspondence with his long-suffering brother Stanislaus, where the relentlessly patronising tone reveals the more gifted, if less sober, Jimmy in a rather unattractive light. And there is one unfortunate omission, the letter to King George V. Joyce, who always went to the top man, enclosed his short story 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room', whose jocular references to Edward VII caused publishers to fight shy of *Dubliners*, and asked for the royal opinion. Was the marked passage offensive to the memory of his father? Alas, we shall never know. The Palace would say only that it was 'inconsistent with rule for His Majesty to express his opinion in such cases'.

Among this week's contributors:

ROBERT CASSEN, an economist at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, has recently finished a book on population and economic development in India.

ALASDAIR MACLEAN's new collection of poems, *Waking the Dead*, will be published by Gollancz later this year.

DOUGLAS DUNN has just been awarded the Geoffrey Faber Memorial Prize for his book of poems *Love or Nothing*.

LORNA SAGE teaches at the University of East Anglia and is working on a book on Platonism.

ALAN BROWNJOHN's collection of poems, *A Song of Good Life*, was published last winter by Secker & Warburg.

Robert Cassen

Attachment and Loss

The Erosion of a Relationship: India and Britain since 1960 by MICHAEL LIPTON and JOHN FIRN *Oxford* £13.00

India makes various incursions on our consciousness these days: through the nostalgia industry – the BBC on the Raj; through fiction, perhaps most powerfully in Paul Scott's novels; test-cricket, fashion boutiques, many aspects of the 'counter-culture' . . . Lately, of course, the curtailment of civil liberties under Mrs Gandhi's 'Emergency' has attracted considerable attention – more indeed than most of what went on in India while they flourished. But where it matters, in trade, political dialogue, international cooperation, our links seem to be disappearing. This is the process that Lipton and Firn trace and explain. Newly independent India in the 1950s was a major partner in the Commonwealth; British trade with India was large and important to both countries. By 1970, British exports to India were, in real terms, one-third of their 1957 peak of £176 million; politically and economically, India was moving closer to the Soviet Union. To India, Britain was becoming just another foreign country – one with important past connections, but connections that could not be presumed on and were in some ways even a source of misunderstanding.

How did it happen? Part of the authors' purpose is one of method; they analyse relations between the two countries as exhibited by a variety of features, most of them measurable, including aid, education and research, population exchanges, defence and media coverage – all of these receive individual treatment. Trade, naturally, is seen as the core of the relationship; its decline has been due to two things: the changing needs and policies of both economies and, importantly, the growth of international aid tied to procurement in the donors' countries. As India restricted private investment from overseas, and increasingly looked elsewhere for trade (at least for imports: India still continues to sell us quite a lot, and has a continuing trade surplus with us), Britain seemed gradually to lose interest too. Wilson's ill-advised remarks in 1965, more or less branding India as the aggressor in that year's war with Pakistan, marked the lowest point. (Wilson was, according to his memoirs, literally ill-advised on that occasion, by the Commonwealth Office; but Whitehall was symptomatically reputed to have a certain pro-Pakistani 'tilt' in those days.) The NEW STATESMAN's own John Freeman went out as High Commissioner and started mending fences after that; despite his distinguished efforts – not helped by the Immigration Act of 1968 and other irritants – things have never been quite the same since.

Perhaps they could not have been. There was the usual tendency of post-colonial separation, and the need of domestic politicians to demonstrate their nationalism by contributing to it. There was the logic of India's Five Year Plans, and their push towards – often expensive – autarchy. And for many Indians, after all, the Raj was not benign and constructive, as many of its better servants may have intended, but punitive, snobbish and humiliating – a history to reject and draw apart from. Yet the authors argue, and I agree, that the drawing apart has gone unnecessarily far, further than the self-interest of either country warrants. Should we – and other European governments – really be content for the Soviet Union to remain the dominant foreign country in this region? The USSR has reached that position at relatively low cost to itself, mainly by willingness to sell India arms. Soviet economic aid has been less than British, let alone American; though its trade arrangements are becoming useful to India, and it has been lavish with political support, all the more valuable because of India's knack of alienating even those who would like to befriend her. Should India be content to enjoy so little goodwill in Europe when Europe could potentially be valuable to her? Lipton and Firn discuss persuasively how various promising situations are allowed to slip away because one side or the other doesn't think them promising, and both end up with results they really wish to avoid – as often as not through 'inattention rather than intention'. The truth is plain from this book that in the conduct of foreign policy

THIS MONTH IN PENTHOUSE

Attack on the *Liberty*
Tony Pearson (who has also written for the New Statesman) reveals that Israel's 'pre-emptive' strike against the Arabs in the Six Day War was carried out in collusion with the US government. Shades of 1956! And that Israeli aircraft crippled the US spy ship *Liberty* because it was about to uncover how far Israel had gone beyond the boundaries set by the US.

The Unholy Alliance
Penthouse also reveals how two American multi-nationals, Du Pont and General Motors, invested in Nazi Germany before and during the war. And how General Motors successfully claimed millions from the Allies for bomb damage to its Nazi war plants! A real life Catch 22 story. We also discover that Du Pont refused to sell Britain much needed ammunition in 1940.

PENTHOUSE JUNE

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and economic relations, few governments have clear and consistent ideas of what they want. The USSR is something of an exception. But if anybody in recent British Governments or in the FCO had clear ideas about how we wanted to relate to India in the shorter or longer term, you would be hard put to detect them.

These are going to be difficult times, with those who wish India well having to protest, or at least master a certain repugnance, at some current developments there. British aid to India has in fact been keeping up rather better than the authors anticipated, and that even before the new White Paper, *Aid to the Poorest*. In our own interests, we should try to look beyond current tribulations and decide how we shall wish to stand to the India of the future. Lipton and Firn have done a great deal to help get it right, but I fear their approach is more rational than anything we can confidently expect from the combined inspirations of New Delhi and London.

Lorna Sage

Deconstruction Worker

The Uses of Division by JOHN BAYLEY *Chatto* £4.50
Explorations 3 by L. C. KNIGHTS *Chatto* £4.50

Though John Bayley is cunningly reticent about having a particular 'line' (and expert at setting other critics wriggling on the end of theirs), he still contrives to strike one as a monument of consistency. Less because of what he says than by the distinctive quality of the *interest* in literature that's conveyed by the relish and intricacy of his style. A great many academics, you realise, write as though they rather resent books (including their own) and as though the reasons for lit-crit had better be taken for granted, because they don't bear inspection. Professor Bayley, however, convinces readers of the fundamental point – that literature is absorbing, arousing, inexhaustible – by himself behaving with thorough conviction. This is not at all the same as saying that he writes sub-literature in some way, or tries to insert himself between you and the authors he writes about. On the contrary, one of his most characteristic manoeuvres is precisely to separate out the criticism from the literature, and to rescue the works he deals with from the constructs which, he would say, have tidied and obscured them.

Here, the main target is the idea (the ideal) of unity in its various guises: organisation, self-glorifying intention, palpable design, maturity, respectability. These are not, of course, merely critical watchwords, and the opening essays have to be devoted to putting the novelist-as-theoretician in his place, mainly by distinguishing between the grand prisons Lawrence and Forster built for themselves in consciousness (their own and ours) and the small inadvertencies that prove they're alive. It's a tricky distinction of a kind Bayley negotiates with enviable assurance. The parade of ambivalence and of unresolved conflict in Lawrence and Forster is, he argues, not the real thing at all, but a device by which the 'authentic' (i.e., dominating and devouring) consciousness justifies itself: Forster

> gives the impression of enjoying the unorthodox in the same spirit in which undergraduates once enjoyed stealing policemen's helmets: a daring act that showed a deep unconscious belief in and respect for the Force.

Lawrence's rewritings may seem to be in the cause of open-endedness but in practice portend 'the accomplishment of a final solution'. The *intention* of freedom, in short, is a measure of the knowing self's capacity to gobble up all it surveys:

> Consciousness has not produced the emancipation which both its method and its message invoke. One reason is the unification of art and its meaning, the fiction and the interpretation . . . This concept wipes out at a blow the old spacious idea of the novel as going somewhere in a fairly modest and conventional sense, and arriving – if it is a masterpiece – at quite other goals in the hearts and minds of men.

This is the nearest he'll come to a credo His title, *The Uses of Division*, announces that he is interested in the practice (the usage, almost) of the writers under discussion, not in further flattering their (in many cases) inflated reputation for being engaged on some metaphysical task. What he fixes on instead is the element of 'fantasy' – accidental, unselfconscious slips into sexual and social romance that undermine the doctrinaire indecisions with actual, ordinary contradictions of the sort we all live with.

Dickens and Hardy are the anchor men for this argument, which I shan't summarise further because it turns into a quest for give-away details. The core of the book is about poetry – specifically, Keats and Larkin – and here Bayley is able to praise directly what he enjoys, rather than salvaging bits and pieces of 'life' (which, as he observes, Leavis has turned into an exclusively literary term) from the grand design. With Keats, he focuses on the vulgar Cockney, on the edge of badness. It's a taste that risks the charge of perversity, but luckily Christopher Ricks's *Keats and Embarrassment* (sparked off by this paper) has already aired that one, and so here Bayley can distinguish at leisure in an afterthought between Ricks's knowing voyeur, all conscious intention, and his own innocently awful, 'richly human' Keats, 'worlds away from the brisk enlightenment of the sex clinic'. What he won't have is a Welfare State Keats who is somehow therapeutic, and this is why the juxtaposition with Larkin makes sense – the *incurable* embarrassments, 'the bleak and behavioural acceptance of what has become of one', the recognition of unfreedom, are all aspects of a vital incompleteness. Larkin is praised for 'surrendering everything at the end of the poem to its own habitual and continued existence', like Hardy: a major victory over fake freedoms.

The piece on Larkin is the best thing in the book; hardly anywhere else does Bayley find and convey such sustained satisfaction – even Keats was 'maturing' towards artful impoverishment by the end. And the final section on Shakespeare is really about what's *not* there, the novel that haunts most of the plays, the 'suspended "story in it"' that divides and humanises our response. It seems odd that so genial and responsive a critic should be at the same time so unsatisfied. However, that's not the case – Bayley is equally pleased when he's able to demonstrate that, say, there's a missing novel about Angelo and Isabella (or perhaps several) in *Measure for Measure*, because for all his praise of Chaucerian gusto it is things unsaid, or almost unsayable, that fascinate him.

Explorations 3 by L. C. Knights is a dignified and deliberate retrospective survey of the kind of critical thinking that made 'order' and 'unity' so important – and also of course outlawed 'intention' in order to so.

Edward Storey

Photograph of a Quiet Man

You knew how far to go towards the horizon
and how soon to return to get home before dark.

I notice your relaxed hands at rest in your lap
and long, not for their strength but for what made them strong.

A stranger, looking at your photograph today
said 'that face has character; the mouth, eyes, brow . . .'

I look again into your deep and tender eyes
remembering you only as a quiet, unruffled man.

Bequeath to me, then, this night, those things I lack –
your calm hands, your resolution, patience, strength.

And when I go too near that far horizon
leave your light burning in the window until I get home.

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Knights has always written as the custodian rather than the owner of the views he professes, and here that careful impersonality is even more noticeable, because so many of these essays are tributes, contributions to celebratory volumes, collections 'In Honour of . . .' retiring colleagues, the stuff conferences are made of. It's a critical idiom now worn thin with use: for example, on Shakespeare's handling of power, he quotes with approval Harold Goddard's remark that the question Shakespeare set himself is 'What is the cure for chaos?' and continues '. . . it can be defined only in terms of a total dramatic and poetic structure'. That there is, and always was, something chilling, tidy-minded and unrealistic about the Anglo-American critical pact in favour of 'irony' and 'balance' is undeniable. It sacrificed both uncooperative details and sprawling, messy works to an all-too-easily grasped design. Now its 'cures for chaos' seem rather worse than the disease, more like signs of a fear of disorder than positive insights. Bayley sounds a lot tougher, being able to 'take' Keats's ooze or Dickens's hypocrisy: and yet, even though *Explorations 3* is no longer exploratory, reading it one realises that a good deal has been lost – an ambition of largeness and coherence that makes Bayley seem (something I'm sure he would take as a compliment) provincial.

Alasdair Maclean

Otter Darkness

Maxwell's Ghost by RICHARD FRERE
Gollancz £5.50

The Highland region of Scotland is, among other things, a graveyard of outrageous intrusions, none of which could have been odder than that effected by Gavin Maxwell and none fated to disappear more completely. To the world at large Maxwell was the author of one of those popularising accounts of animal life to which the British reading public seems peculiarly susceptible. More privately, though not all that more, he was a moody bisexual, compounded in equal parts of wit, charm, courage and a calculating bloody-mindedness.

Maxwell settled in middle age at Sandaig, on the west coast, at the end of a landrover track where he could escape neither from importunate admirers nor, except via the bottle, from himself. Here he wrote, when he had to, amid as much imported luxury as he could accumulate, which was at times a good deal. Here, too, he exercised a quasi-paternal authority over a select but shifting retinue of handsome young men, from whom he demanded a loyalty more extended in time and depth than any of them was equipped to yield. Occasionally, and more unfortunately still, there were women. In between times he hatched various unlucky and unlikely money-making schemes, hurtled round the narrow roads in a Mercedes or up and down the straits in a large fast launch, smoked up to 80 cigarettes a day, drank steadily and, of course, provided a home for the famous otters, creatures as pampered as they were treacherous: when they were not taking lumps out of their handlers they had to fall back on such spartan fare as live eels shipped up from Billingsgate.

To describe the conjunction of such a man and such a way of life as a recipe for disaster sounds much too much of an understatement: a cook-book for catastrophe would be nearer the mark. Catastrophe duly appeared and it seems fair to say that not a little of it was embodied in the author of this memoir.

Richard Frere was one of those eccentric Englishmen who inflict themselves on the Highlands from time to time, in lieu of the more traditional forms of sublimation such as signing on before the mast on a windjammer or adopting a tribe of nomads in the Gobi Desert. An admitted solitary, in spite of marriage and a family, he had acquired a considerable degree of handyman competence during years of failing in various enterprises. He began his acquaintance with the man he writes about by converting cottages for him and ended it as his business manager. Not the least part of the grisly inevitability with which this story unfolds is the air of fatedness about the association. Out of the world's population, one is tempted to say, each found in the presence of the other the one man who would for any length of time put up with him.

I must not make Frere out to be an ogre, however. He describes himself as indolent and his job as a sinecure but he worked extremely hard for Maxwell nonetheless. He was careless, certainly. He neglected, for instance, to keep up the insurance on the house at Sandaig, a criminal piece of forgetfulness considering that the house and its valuable contents were soon to be destroyed utterly by fire. He was also desperately unlucky, almost as hated of the gods as his employer. Boats sank under him or were splintered to matchwood with monotonous regularity. Yet it is he who tells us all this with a near masochistic honesty. And he remained faithful to his difficult boss right to the appalling finish.

Maxwell had no income save from his writing and that was never enough to support such a life style indefinitely. He was not a man to retrench and if hemmed in by Frere in one area would promptly break out in another. Money troubles mounted and much of Frere's time and ingenuity as manager was employed in staving off creditors. The young men could not be held. One by one they succumbed to the attractions of the opposite sex or simply to the beckon of their own unlived lives. The otters became an expensive millstone and projected relief deals with Woburn Park and Aberdeen Zoo collapsed. Savage ill-luck dogged Maxwell. The fire that destroyed his home was merely the most prominent incident. He became more and more unwell and was often in agony. The final year or two unwind with a Greek intensity and ineluctability, and Maxwell's eventual death from a massive thrombosis, when he was already very close to his end from a disseminated lung cancer that had spread so widely as to have pitted his skull, seems only the farewell boot going in. It remains to say that he died with a rare dignity and bravery.

Maxwell's Ghost is hardly sunshine reading, then, though there are lighter moments. Richard Frere on the whole writes very well. He acknowledges pomposity, after all, and such minor irritations as his tendency to refer to drinking bouts as 'spirituous occasions' are no doubt inseparable from the kind of man he is. As for the kind Maxwell was, at least he deserves better of posterity than to be remembered merely as 'the otter man'. He was in fact a descriptive writer with few equals. If Mr Frere's searching but, I take it, truthful portrait sends anyone back to the original it will have served its purpose.

Alan Brownjohn

Metre Maid

Collected Poems by ELIZABETH DARYUSH
Carcanet New Press £3.25
Collected Poems 1955-1975 by PETER LEVI
Anvil Press £5.00

The unearthing of buried reputations in poetry has sometimes proved an influential process. Elizabeth Daryush, who is the daughter of Robert Bridges, is now in her ninetieth year, and only a year or two back produced a new volume of verses which reawakened a little interest in a body of work known only to a few admirers since the Thirties. Now we have, in her *Collected* all the poems of 50 years she wishes to preserve. The principal claim advanced in a lively and conscience-pricking introduction by Donald Davie relates to Mrs Daryush's status as a technical innovator: she was working in syllabic metres as early as Marianne Moore, and quite independently of her. Alongside Davie's piece stand some perceptive pages by Roy Fuller in one of his Oxford lectures; and behind both of these, a band of American readers largely guided by the enthusiasm of Yvor Winters, who (characteristically) sought to demonstrate the richness contained within the rigour of her methods. One asks, what have we perhaps missed, and what can we learn from it now?

As far as Mrs Daryush's technical example goes, the pity is that the lesson of it wasn't learnt a great deal sooner. By far the best-calculated and most influential advocacy of a neglected talent in our time was done in a celebrated essay of John Wain's on William Empson, in 1950: suddenly a major modern poet gained the appropriate recognition, and a generation of younger writers saw the point of technical care and the exercise of a degree of intelligence. A deal of formlessness was cleared away. To read Mrs Daryush now is to feel how valuable some attention to her procedures might have been at the time Winters was pleading her cause some years earlier, in the late Thirties – but how remote these particular technical concerns seem today.

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The highly-wrought syllabics of something like poem 86 –

> Visit not often the past that bore you,
> nor the too-friendly pleasures at your gate,
> nor your soul's offspring wedded to
> their fate –
> keep your house, the every need procure you
>
> of those to come, your works yet to be born;
> toil, plan and pray for them noon, night
> and morn.

– not only require some finesse to distinguish from ordinary iambics, but serve the necessities of a diction that doesn't really offer much in the present. One derives from these poems a renewed respect for tenacity of purpose in poetry and a feeling at the same time that we now ought to be tenacious in some different way.

Neither Mrs Daryush nor Professor Davie is at pains to emphasise what her poems are *about*; but this is their most interesting feature, and certainly what will draw readers to them. They are studiedly impersonal, anonymous even, yet they are full of a barely-concealed pain and anguish, a pervading sense of the precariousness of human living and the failure of human aspirations. The agonising choice is between 'the brief hour of ease', and the 'age of struggle' that follows the realisation that the will to perfection may be impossible to ignore. Both the theme of the poems and the technical preoccupation represent a quest for fluency, clarity and meaning in life and art. Davie appropriately cites Hardy when quoting one of her more elaborate passages (and Mrs Daryush could indeed have dared the elaboration, and the sensuousness, a bit more). But her imagination, some of her cadences, and often the pattern of her arguments, seem to me to relate more closely to George Herbert, if it's possible to think of a Herbert drained of the assurances of faith and devoid of any sense of reward:

> Stern-meting age, filler of pleasure's glass,
> Who ever subtler, paler wine must pour,
> Richer, maybe, but, as the swift years pass,
> Ever less sweet, till used be all my store –
>
> O, there's no glory in the glowing day

At her very best, the sombre and chastening message of these poems haunts and disturbs, and stays in the mind, in a way the prosodic fastidiousness does not.

Where Elizabeth Daryush has pared down ruthlessly, Peter Levi, assembling his own *Collected Poems* at a more conventional stage – he is in his mid-forties – has chosen to stand by everything, in a way now commonly (and, I think, rightly) accepted as honest and less of a risk (since so many self-selections turn out tendentious or erratic). His book gathers up the work of 20 years scattered among out-of-print hardbacks and pamphlets (including his promising debut with *The Gravel Ponds*) as well as available volumes. By current standards, Father Levi has been prolific. But he hasn't greatly varied the content and the texture of his work: it's substantially about the life of the seasons and the validity of his faith, all done in a fairly muted, somewhat repetitive diction, and slack verse forms which employ an irksomely recurrent habit of casual and obfuscating rhyming. All this means that it's, frankly, a labour to read outright, and more rewarding to read selectively. Occasionally he has abandoned his all-too-gentle and meandering cadences, re-ordered and sharpened his diction, and produced poems like 'Pancakes for the Queen of Babylon' and 'Pigs':

> they are victims of guns,
> men with dogs shouting in the level light,
> lonely duckshooters and deerstalkers
> stand hissing in their tracks.
> They are blue sides and bristles as the trees
> might be if they could run and feed

But mostly he seems to feel that his poems need not or should not venture out to grip the reader by his lapels. There is enough here (just) to suggest that this has been a mistakenly modest strategy.

Douglas Dunn

Creeping and Crawling

The Supernatural Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson edited by MICHAEL HAYES *Calder* £4.95

The Smell of Hay by GIORGIO BASSANI translated by William Weaver *Weidenfeld* £3.95

The Bulgarian Exclusive by ANTHONY GREY *Michael Joseph* £3.95

Some stories live in the mind forever. They have designs which lodge in the imagination in some crazily subjective way. Time passes; eventually they seem to coincide with life itself. Stevenson's story 'Thrawn Janet' – 'a masterpiece in 13 pages', Henry James called it – is not that kind of story. It is still a great story, but like most tales of the uncanny or satanic it finds it difficult to become more than what Stevenson himself called a 'crawler'. The skin creeps at the unlikelihood of it all. It is the entertainment of impossibility.

Stevenson casts his spell through the mean but resourceful Scots speech of his country narrator. A woman's body is possessed by the Devil, and such is the force of the monologue that you *almost* believe in it. Almost, however, is not good enough. In this case reality is better than fiction. Recently I read of the execution of a witch at Dornoch in 1727. A barrel of pitch was the instrument. Tradition tells 'how, in the cold clay, the poor creature warmed her feet at the fire which was to kindle her barrel-coffin'. Just that quotation from a book about domestic manners in 18th-century Scotland is a better story than 'Thrawn Janet'. Stevenson's story takes its status as a 'crawler' too seriously. There is something damagingly self-conscious about the genre. Yet perhaps Stevenson was up to something else in 'Thrawn Janet'. To me it dramatises all his feelings about Scotland. It tells of coarse cruelty on the one hand; and, on the other, the difficulty of educated humanity in the face of it. It could have been an even *better* masterpiece if the Devil hadn't got into it.

Stevenson's authoritative classic is 'The Bottle Imp'. In this one he takes the design of the 'magic lamp' – appropriates a convention, that is – then sets it in the South Pacific. It has the beautiful simplicity of a folk-tale. (Someone noticed this at the time, for it was translated into Samoan soon after its first publication.) Though even more unlikely than 'Thrawn Janet', impossibility doesn't matter in 'The Bottle Imp'; it creates its own truth. Children will tell you this is an absolutely true story. You do not need to read such stories twice. They are unforgettable. If you have not yet read Stevenson's stories, now is the time. Unfortunately, with this new selection you will not, at £4.95, be buying all his stories: you won't get 'The Suicide Club', though you will get his two best stories as well as such excellent ones as 'The Body Snatchers', 'Ollala' and 'Markheim'. The proof-reading, incidentally, is an insult to Stevenson's craftsmanship.

Half of Giorgio Bassani's new book, which falls between being a novel and a collection of short stories, appeared in an English translation as long ago as 1960. In his relaxed but fastidious manner, Bassani evokes the vulnerabilities, fears and self-deceit of the Jewish community in Ferrara during the fascist period and immediately after – the terrain he mapped out so memorably in *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*. He is subtle, leisurely and cool-minded on a subject from which we expect less comfortable writing. In a sense it is a cruel technique, but it is punishingly effective. It is like looking at family snapshots of victims taken when everything was ordinary, *before*. You find yourself waiting, looking for suggestions to remind you of the horrors lurking in the characters' future which you know to be there: they even seem to be looking for that knowledge themselves. That, I think, is the point. They cannot recognise the symbolic figure Bassani puts among them, that of Dr Fadigati. Once a highly respected physician, his homosexuality becomes known and he is faced with ostracism, cruelty and scandal. His dilemmas and possible suicide mirror the self-subdued, almost satisfied disorientation of Ferrara's Jews in a fascist society. The other stories are good, too: Bassani elicits people, time and place in such a scrupulous but easy way you almost forget he is 'writing about' people, time and place.

Anthony Grey plays up the conventions of the cold-war thriller as if he believes they will tell us things we want to hear. The pity of it is that a real novel has been lost. Mr Grey's story is true, or is true facetiously, or just pretends to be true, although in a kind of book which thrives on fantasies the implication that it happened to Mr Grey might be the ultimate sophistication of a spy thriller. A dogmatically anti-Red journalist goes to Bulgaria to cover a Communist Party Congress – and becomes *involved*.

There are themes in Mr Grey's thriller They have something to do with the human uselessness both of abject Communism and of abject anti-Communism. These are useful themes, but Mr Grey never allows them to breathe. His responses are virtually as automatic and as crass as those of his hero, and those of the several devious secret services with whom Jon Robson becomes entangled

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Films

John Coleman

Take a Pew

La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret *Berkeley*
Lies My Father Told Me *Columbia*
A Touch of Zen *The Screen, Islington from Sunday 16 May*
Luther *Curzon*

Conventional religion takes a bashing this week, which is perfectly all right by me. One might wish, however, that the hatreds and heresies in evidence had been reined in a bit: some onslaughts, particularly those directed against old and corrupt fortresses, lose – in the reporting – by overkill. The anarchic French director Georges Franju was 64 last month, which is a ripe young age in his case (I trust); he is outside the chronological pale when it comes to discussion of New Wave directors – Godard, Truffaut, Chabrol, even Rohmer – now putting on or sweating off the fat of reputation; he remains, extraordinarily, his own man: unbiddable, unpredictable, un-old. After all, he was in his late fifties when he made a version of Zola's *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret* (in 1970 and to be rescued now for public consumption by Derek Hill's essential Essential Cinema Ltd): he spoke from the hip about it six years ago, being interviewed – 'I think it's really marvellous to love the Virgin and to dislike Christ, who is a real pain in the ass, a sufferer'. This was the most drastic change, as it happens, that he (with Jean Ferry) had imposed on the Zola original. The story is a barely veiled, anti-clerical revision of Adam and Eve and that Garden. A young priest, Mouret, arrives in a forsaken village; has a nervous breakdown and awakens, amnesiac, from it to find himself being cared for by a beautiful young girl, a free spirit wandering her days through the large and lush vegetation of Le Paradou, a huge abandoned estate of which her uncle is guardian; they make love, inevitably, a local sadistic curé summons Mouret back to church and village, the girl dies, Mouret goes on living – after a fashion.

It has rightly been said of Franju that he never brings off a seamless success, to which one is tempted to add that nothing so becomes him as his excesses: his 'Sin of Father Mouret', as it has been Englished ('*faute*' might be better translated as 'flaw', but would hardly provide a selling title), is a wild, luscious, wickedly silly and impressive melodrama. His Serge Mouret (Francis Huster) is a pretty, green-faced weakling, no match for the evil, sadistic elder man, Brother Archangias (André Lacombe), a woman-hater and bullier of children, who saturninely has his measure from the first. For a film that uses colour lavishly, with roses, roses all the way and heavy trees shifting under rain (there is a lot of weather), the issues are never much more than black and white. Albine (Gillian Hills) is first glimpsed by Serge through a zoom to a hole in a wooden fence, an aureoled radiance of adman's Eve among verdure; this Miss Hills has a broad, sexy mouth and matching accessories; the rest of her is straightforwardly exposed via the nature-girl shifts she gets into. Never more present than under wet muslin, she does her death by flowers (asphyxiated in her bedroom, all doors and windows sealed, in Zola; here just inexplicably giving up the ghost among petals) with gravity and grace. But the few performances are elsewhere, where they matter: in the sour, slipped grins of M. Lacombe as avenging Archangias; in the profound, simple health suggested by Hugo Fausto-Tozzi as Albine's atheist uncle, who slices off one of Archangias's ears as if he were standing in for a fantasy of Franju's (as, of course, he is), a moment of amoral surgery out of Buñuel; in the painstaking way Franju got landscape to coil, thrust, burgeon and wilt, half-conceal dead lumps of statuary and generally go magical – as in an exemplary horror-film – in the cause of a private, peculiar art.

There is a dreadful snake, seen writhing round a conservatory branch a second after Albine and her reclaimed Adam have consummated all those walks through the forest: on the credit side, there is, earlier, the young priest's mannequin of the Virgin Mary – bought with his own money for the church – abruptly arising from the shavings of her packing-case. With Franju, who is nothing if not vocal about his dislike of traditional modes of worship, among other things, one is prepared for this mixture of salutary slaps and naïve pokes in the eye. Having witnessed down the years (*Le Sang des Bêtes, La Tête Contre les Murs, Judex*, to name only the films of his I specially revere) a stoic, in-the-wings chancer's talent mature, I have to say that it has not, significantly. His *saeva indignatio* still gets the better of him. Put another way, one wonders if he might not do well to let ill alone.

Jan Kadar, a Czech director who is likely to be recalled in the West for a film he made at home, with Elmar Klos, *The Shop on the High Street* – a stark near-document about Jew-hunting by Nazis that has stamped irrevocably on my ear the word 'po*grom*!' as enunciated by a white-haired lady crouching behind her drapery counter – has settled in America, a veteran, leaving Klos behind. Since this translation, he has made a couple of films of insecure merit and values, as if he were on some eternal Ellis Island of creators. 'Have you ever felt like hugging a movie?' is the unsagacious question put up by the publicists for *Lies My Father Told Me*. Bear-like, to death, yes, would be the scrambled answer. This is the sort of pseudo-lovable occasion that has a fellow reaching into his quiver of insults for a rubber-tipped arrow. I once wrote about 'falling over blackwards', at my wits' end to describe how I felt about stuff starring Sidney Poitier as a darkly-pigmented symbol of super-negro: he was usually working for WHO, in a major capacity. *Lies* makes me want to invent a genre called Joosh (last year's American *Hester Street*, not so much in the margin, is all this is not).

Here we have a life-force of a grandpa, in a Montreal ghetto in the mid-Twenties, religious in a *real* sense and having a relationship with his grandson, cute David (a fine child, Jeffrey Lynas), that allows him to paraphrase the Bible down to a level at which even a disbeliever like me can tolerate it. Except – by analogy with the maxim of Groucho Marx which had him unwilling to join any club ready to admit him as a member – that it is all a scintilla too good to be true. There is this tenement-complex, which nearly gave me one, with a liberal-minded whore, a shouting lady who disapproves of grandpa's stabling a crappy old horse across from her (grandpa is a rag-and-bone man), a naughty husband on the prowl after a naughtier wife of someone else: this helps to give David, who goes bewildered at what he terms a 'circumstance' party for his baby brother, a reinforcement for his suck-a-tit campaign. It is all very benign, humorous, worldly, and fraudulent. And I haven't started, I know, to describe it. *Reader's Digest* Old Testament?

King Hu, born in Peking in 1931, may yet prove to be a name people will conjure with. A firm movement in that direction has already set up and *A Touch of Zen* is bound to lend it muscle. Actually, if one is willing to lounge around for nearly three hours, watching some tremendous business of self-flung, hurtling bodies through a copse of saplings, waiting for the gymnasts to do their faked routines, one is going to be rewarded. But not, I think, to the point of reckoning this a mystical, metaphysical or yet physical breakthrough. It has a few grand, edgy, rocky landscapes, a fudged item about a booby-trapped fortress (where ghosts are supposed to lurk and a kind of pavement-artist yowls too long with laughter as he spells one through the hazards he contrived, post-mortem), a terrific Buddhist priest who quietly takes a sword from a man as it plunges towards him, and later bleeds gold (silver, in the print I saw) when broached. It struck me that the conventions of a lengthy enterprise like this are headily close to those of pornography: no matter what happens it has to be topped in the next cut or chapter. That way the ridiculous lies. Lies My Buddha Told Me?

The Curzon continues its season of play-films; currently John Osborne's *Luther*, as directed by Guy Green, is showing. I remember Finney howling over his bad bowels in this, hunched and persuasive enough to send a whiff of fart from the stage on which he worked to the seat in which I sat. The American actor Stacy Keach replaces him in this otherwise British-vowelled production. He is not bad, but by now I query the text. Which is what this cinema-theatre season is presumably about. *The Homecoming* has transferred rather well. One hopes to discuss the complete set in due course. Independently of this, *Conduct Unbecoming*, again with Mr Keach, arrives next week: the dossier bulges.

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Opera

Bayan Northcott

Soundings

The English Music Theatre Company
Brighton Festival

The problem is discovering exactly what 'music theatre' means. Not scaled-down opera anyway – all its proponents are agreed about that. There have, of course, been innumerable traditions of non-operatic drama-with-music from Noh to the talkies, and a few isolated modern masterpieces: the surreal cabaret of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, Stravinsky's cubist folk-morality, *The Soldier's Tale*, the alienating Brecht-Weill shows. Since the success of Britten's *Curlew River* in 1964, there has also been a great deal of music theatre-ish activity in this country. Little enough of it looks like surviving, though, for the sobering reason that if one chucks out the conventions, opting instead for the 'freedom' of a theme (or narrative, or image), an acting space and a few actors, musicians and props, one also faces the necessity of creating something *sui generis* every time. When Colin Graham last autumn announced his ambitious plan to supersede the old English Opera Group with a larger, younger, more flexible company, pledged, among other things, to out-of-the-way touring, it might have seemed that he had taken on quite enough without raising the expectation of novelty and experiment in its very title. Nothing daunted, the English Music Theatre Company have recently been 'running in' in Newcastle and Billingham. Last week they reached the Theatre Royal, Brighton and invited the critics.

The opening opera, Rossini's *Cinderella*, had presumably been chosen mainly to bring forward young singers in florid roles – which it duly did in the clear, bright performances of Della Jones as Cinderella and Neil Jenkins as the Prince. There was nothing particularly novel about Roger Butlin's simple, revolving white set, and the tendency of Steuart Bedford's enthusiastic players to drown the singing showed that the problems of balance in theatres without orchestra pits has still to be tackled. This is something that Britten, at least, solved so brilliantly in the diaphonous scoring for six singers and 13 instruments of *The Turn of the Screw*. The result, however, is not 'scaled-down' but positively intensified opera. Musically, last Thursday's performance under Meredith Davies was more than adequate with an immaculately controlled Quint from that vastly promising young tenor, Anthony Rolfe Johnson. But Yolanda Sonnabend's permanent set of winding stairs and schematic trees sat there looking obstinately solid for so numinous a work whilst some of Colin Graham's scene changing struck me less as stylised than makeshift.

So that it rather fell to Stephen Oliver's specially commissioned 'comedy for music', *Tom Jones*, to bear out the Company's promise of creative enterprise. To reach one's 18th opera by the age of 24 would not, perhaps, have been so exceptional in the 18th century, but Oliver's own libretto shows a prodigious theatrical skill – not least in its imitations of 18th-century idioms. Somehow he has not only contrived to cram the entire plot of the novel into three fast-moving acts by a liberal use of flash-backs, double-decker scenes and other narrative short cuts, but also to animate Fielding's moral commentary in the persons of the classical Gods who descend and interfere in the action. And from the Monteverdi-like fanfares that herald their first appearance, the score proceeds in a frenzy of parody and allusion. Some of it is 'period' such as the sanctimonious chorale prelude for Thwackum and Square, some of it anachronistic, like the isolated avant-garde hoots and squeaks that introduce the artificial London milieu of Lady Bellaston. Some of it comprises operatic in-jokes (at least I thought I caught references to *Der Rosenkavalier* and *King Priam*); some of it is frankly schoolboyish – that silent - film chase music yet again – and some of it just brilliantly apt, such as the Handelian choral commentary which makes something far more authentically mock heroic of the famous eating scene than the notorious realism of the film.

None of this is exactly new, of course, but it does offer a comprehensive, not to say noisy work-out for the whole company. Of a cast without obvious weak links, the Tom Jones of Russell Smythe introduced an energetic stage presence new to me whilst Alison Hargan was especially successful in projecting the sinisterly statuesque Lady Bellaston, alias Juno. And aided by the exceptionally attractive colour blends of Ann Curtis's costumes, Colin Graham choreographed the continual turmoil on stage about as clearly as anyone could be expected to. The only drawback to all this, it seemed to me, was the worrying discrepancy between the composer's almost infallible gift of timing and his still dangerously limited musical personality. For when the parodies and jokes subsided long enough to allow a patch of what one assumed to be his own style, it generally turned out to consist either of squawking recitative to a desultory accompaniment, like Britten at his most self-parodying, or choruses of a turgid chromaticism like Henze at his least alluring. More self-exploration, more advice, more compositional study are surely needed here – if only Oliver can bear to tear himself away for a space from the theatre he so evidently loves.

As far as genuine innovation, the inaugural tour of Colin Graham's company leaves a question mark. *Paul Bunyan*, which is being prepared for Aldeburgh will certainly pose its challenges – what with a hero too big actually to appear on stage – but the acid test will surely be the production of *The Threepenny Opera* promised for the first Sadler's Wells season in September. If the English Music Theatre Company can succeed in restoring some real sting to that sprig of old Berlin, then they will have achieved something that seems to have eluded almost everyone since the first production.

Art

Robert Melville

Inside Job

Summer Exhibition *Royal Academy*

An atmosphere of expectancy has been created in the current summer annual at the Royal Academy. It's due partly to enterprising changes in the arrangement of the exhibits but much more strikingly to a break with tradition and a bending of the rules focused on Gallery II. It conveys the impression that this vast miscellany is in for a more distinguished future. But, always pessimistic, I surmise that this ingenious attempt to aerate the solid mass of mediocrity will turn out to be a one-off experiment. All I can say with certainty is that the new president, Sir Hugh Casson, has started well. He has allowed Gallery II to be filled with paintings, drawings and sculpture which are the personal choice of one of the recently elected Associates, Peter Blake Side-stepping the huge piles of send-ins that have to be looked at by the Hanging Committee, Blake has brought together by invitation and persuasion a group of works which makes a delightful show within a show. I suspect that some of the artists have agreed to exhibit only out of fondness for Blake himself. He has included William Scott, Richard Smith, Kitaj, Hockney, Patrick Caulfield, Joe Tilson, Allen Jones, Tom Phillips and others almost equally well-known in international art centres, and he has added works by a newly formed group named the Brotherhood of Ruralists in which the oustanding members are Blake Graham Ovenden and Jann Haworth.

The experiment is admirable but fragile If it should become a regular feature of the Summer Exhibition, with Academicians and Associates taking it in turn to make a personal choice, the results could be dire. As it is, I am not entirely certain that I understand what prompted Blake's selection. I should have liked it to give a clearer indication of what he would consider to be a reasonable policy for the Academy to pursue. He would have had to drop several works of high quality. It's utopian to expect the Academy to attempt to look for high quality in all directions; in this connection the well-meant liberalism of the late Sir Thomas Monnington had disastrous results His regime was marked by a big increase of freakishness. He himself was a late convert to geometrical abstraction, but he must have been secretly appalled by the sudden intake of big, sloppy abstracts. His own work was at least neat and clean. My own view is that the Academy might still make a valuable contribution by standing for one clearly defined aspect of art. What I have in mind is an art of representation based on linear precision, and Blake's selection includes several excellent examples of it. I Caulfield, Jones, Hockney and Tom Phillips could be persuaded to become regular ex

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hibitors and occupy one of the galleries at Burlington House, along with the Ruralists (and with Peter Phillips who is probably unrepresented in Blake's show because he has been holding a one-man show at Waddington's and had nothing to spare), they would form a powerful nucleus for an academic comeback as English and beautiful as Hilliard's miniatures. Incidentally, they can all work on a large scale and could transform the desert-like space of Gallery III into an oasis.

The Ruralists say that they have adopted their group name because they have all left the town to settle permanently in the country. By calling themselves a brotherhood the Ruralists acknowledge an interest in the Pre-Raphaelites which is evident in Ovenden's fine open-air portrait of Blake and his daughter, and in Blake's own remarkable painting of Titania with a flower falling out of her sexual fleece. She is a *femme fatale* rather like a late Rossetti but with the paint quality of an early Millais. Blake and Jann Haworth have become aware that there is a certain secretiveness about their rural environment; the figure of Titania seems to be surrounded by whisperings and lurkings, and Jann Haworth's magical patchwork *Rainbow Cloak* looks as if it has been stitched by gnomes for the Fairy Queen. At the entrance to Gallery II, there are two life-size dancing negresses by Nicholas Munro in fibreglass and nothing could be a more appropriate introduction to Blake's show than their celebratory gestures.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Moony Tunes

Side by Side by Sondheim *Mermaid*
Gigi *Fortune*
Endgame *Royal Court*

Those old-timers may sometimes have spawned stuff as musically unsophisticated as the Hums of Pooh, but at least they left you tapping your feet and nodding your head. My own reaction to Stephen Sondheim, who is as sophisticated as only a sophisticated New Yorker can be, is to curl my feet, scratch my head, and wish he would trade in that chromatic carpentry set of his: iron file, hacksaw, and all. A man whose most renowned melody is the sombre 'Send in the Clowns' is clearly not going to set the world dancing. All right: it is not, I concede, a contemporary composer's main duty to concoct obvious 'tunes', still less to turn on musical semi-literates such as myself. It is arguably more important to compose stuff that reflects that gritty, acrid, minor-key society which Sondheim supposes (and I suppose supposes correctly) so many of his fellow-citizens to inhabit. All the same, a more considerable talent could perhaps have it both ways. It is Sondheim himself who says that his 'melodic gifts are limited' – and he who, for all his defensive insistence on the importance of harmony, rhythm and dramatic situation, clearly wishes they were greater.

The truth is that he's a far better lyricist than composer, as the song-cycle on offer at the Mermaid abundantly confirms. His rhymes are always deft, often inventive, sometimes daring, occasionally spectacular. His language is as far removed from the loves, doves, aboves, moons and Junes of yesteryear as intelligence and urbanity can take it. His wit is at once cool and tart. At his best, he writes sung dramas, not songs. A middle-aged husband raves about his baby wife to a sceptical ex-mistress, ending with the bashful admission that she's still a virgin. An ageing actress rehearses her long history of accident, success and disaster, capping each chapter with a defiant 'I'm still here'. The main sources for the Mermaid's selections are *A Little Night Music* and *Company*, which we've seen in London, and *Follies*, which we haven't and probably never will. Millicent Martin, Julia McKenzie and David Kernan find enough fun and point in the eight songs extracted from the show to convince you that this is a sad loss.

Yet even after hearing Mr Kernan rattle off Sondheim's splendid 'I've got those tell-me-that-you-love-me – you do? – I've-got-to-run-now blues', I have reservations, worries and doubts. Isn't there something awfully jaded, something *over*-sophisticated about many of his lyrics? The most accomplished are a sort of blasé celebration of the grisliness of Manhattan. They whisk us from the lonely, crowded streets ('and another hundred people just got off the train') to the lonely, crowded apartment houses ('it's a city of strangers'); and there they show us flimsy relationship after flimsy relationship ('it's the neighbours you annoy together, the children you destroy together, that makes marriage a joy'). Happy people are usually dead, alive people usually unhappy. Married people, especially, must either be on the critical list or already decomposing. The only civilised reaction (it seems) is to freshen your martini, put a Stephen Sondheim record on the turntable, and 'smile and sweat it out'. I like to think of the musical as a popular genre: Sondheim's dry-bones music and dry-ice lyrics would appear to be designed for, and best appreciated by, a conclave of cognoscenti resident somewhere between East 80th and Grand Central Station.

The movie *Gigi* was, I dare say, dreadfully naïve by Sondheim's standards; but it must have given more pleasure to more people from more backgrounds than anything he could or would compose. Alas, it re-emerges at the Fortune in an earlier version, deprived of Loewe's music and Lerner's lyrics, and reduced to papier-maché by relentlessly uninspired direction. Veronica Quilligan is pretty stolid as the ingénue under instruction for high-class prostitution, and Lila Kedrova jumpy, fluttery and slightly gaga as the elderly sophisticate who is tutoring her. Mary Kerridge, too tweedy and severe for the kindly Parisian grandmum, completes a trio of strangely inadequate performances. Given spirit, style and humour, we might conceivably leave the theatre without feeling nauseated by a conclusion that couples the 16-year-old Gigi with the roué Lachaille in a marriage we're inexplicably expected to applaud: as it is, I would take your Kwells, for the journey is long, wet and unpleasant.

If you're feeling literal-minded, you can say that *Endgame* is Beckett's picture of the desolation after Armageddon: if not, that it's his somewhat apocalyptic view of the way we exploit, persecute, desert and destroy one another each day and any day in whatever grey-pumice prison we happen to inhabit. Either way, Donald McWhinnie's production is a superior affair. Patrick Magee is his Hamm, a shaggy, mouldering tyrant on a throne, and Stephen Rae his Clov, a simian bogtrotter with a boiling temper and permanently clenched fists dangling somewhere around his knees. They make an aptly-balanced pair – the one oddly urbane, his light, lilting voice packed with irony and silky contempt, the other sullen and loutish, always on the verge of smashing his master into kingdom come, or wherever Beckett's monsters go after spiritual death becomes physical as well. Together, they make a solid contribution to a 70th birthday party (if party is the word) that reaches its climax next week, when the maestro's two latest plays (if plays is the word) get their first performance at the Court.

Television

Dennis Potter

Muscle Men

Commentators, link-men and newsreaders use their faces as well as their tongues to tell us what is going on in the world. They stretch a muscle called the supraorbital orbicular when events demand a more serious or reflective response to the words on the autocue, but the throwaway snigger normally kept for the last seconds of ITN's *News at Ten* exercises the far more amiable zygomaticus major. There is thus a strong case to be made for combining human biology with current affairs in our schoolrooms, for unless we can chart the hundred or so muscles which are stretched across the 14 different bones which underpin the face, how is it possible to assess the import of the daily tragedies or political calamities that race across our screens? I knew on Monday night that Jeremy Thorpe had resigned from the leadership of the Liberal Party even before the newsreader opened his mouth: the way he compressed his corrugator and even, momentarily, flickered the levator labii indicated sonorous developments tinged with grief.

You may already have deduced from the learning so heavily worn in the above paragraph that I want to write a play sometime about one of the men who read the *News* on television. He will mow his lawn, argue with his wife, eat cottage cheese, change his shirt and leave for the studios with plans for a new greenhouse growing in his head. As he reads out the catastrophes

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of the night, or announces another fall in the pound, a small part of him will be thinking about the bigger tomato plants he will be able to nourish. But personal disaster strikes when he loses control of the depressor labii inferioris, the muscle which makes the face show extreme disgust. Wife, greenhouse, career and self-respect are all lost because he cannot read what the Queen or Mrs Thatcher have said earlier in the day without giving their words the added bonus of utter derision and lascerating contempt.

The manner in which pundits and commentators act out their professional responsibilities has been freshly illuminated – and quite by accident – in the curious deceits built into the otherwise rather tedious *General Strike Report* (Yorkshire) which has been running nightly on ITV. The hindsight so cleverly suppressed in the use of the present historical tense, and the nature of the blotchy old film eked out between these grammatically cumbersome wodges of commentary and speculation, have given us a vivid sense of the acting skills needed to make the weighty interpolations which are the norm in television current affairs. A curtain has been raised while the scene shifters are still on the stage. The tricky banishment of hindsight leaves us with a fresh perspective on the illusions that often pass unnoticed in this type of programme.

A perspective which I valued all the more when faced on Saturday evening with the sight of an extremely solemn Robert McKenzie walking into the middle of a severe studio set, hands clasped in front of him, frontalis muscles doing overtime, and tongue throbbing with the news that he was about to introduce a debate of (swallow) 'enormous and perhaps decisive consequences for the future of the United Kingdom'. *A Country of Nations* (BBC-2) was, accordingly, a very long exercise spread over two evenings and a score of ponderous faces, a programme about devolution and various nationalisms in these islands that might well have been designed to provoke the Scots and the Welsh to separate themselves from the English out of sheer boredom and perplexity. It was a classic example of the way in which strong emotions and gut impulses are somehow reduced and flattened by the present conventions of television 'analysis'.

The segment of film from Scotland, for instance, gave almost no sense of the rejuvenation and excitement which nationalism has triggered in what a SNP representative twice described as 'one of the oldest nations in Europe'. Political adrenalin is hardly ever allowed to spill over on to the studio floor because it is too quickly embalmed in the clinical solution of 'balance' which even manages to alter the faces of the anchormen into a cramped representation of the aftermath of failed plastic surgery. An overcrowded discussion wound itself into a fretful indecisiveness because at no point in several hours of dull elucidation was there any trace of a creative imagination capable of invoking the reawakened ghosts of national consciousness. It is almost as though the television organisations assume that the committee system and its electronic equivalents are the only possible form in which to explore the feelings and passions of any kind of belief. Programmes as predictable and as unadventurous as this are the worst sort of failure, for they coat everything with the boredom and lassitude horribly characteristic of so much of our political life. They are chaired by men who have learnt how to yawn without opening their mouths.

My momentous proposal that the working mechanisms of the human face should be a compulsory subject to study in civics lessons would not flounder for lack of available material. A good biology teacher who had been given the tape of John Pardoe's replies on Monday night to Robin Day's questions about the state of the Liberal Party would be able to spin out a whole lesson on the relationship between aggressive ambition and the involuntary contraction of the procerus muscle. 'You are a candidate for the post (of Liberal leader) are you not?' asked the eager Robin, dutifully putting one of the first questions to bubble up to the fetid surface once Thorpe had been cruelly hounded off the scene. Pardoe responded with the practised granite stare which all viewers have long since identified with the sort of allegedly obdurate integrity that brought Edward Heath to an early grave. 'I do not do this because I want to, but because I must' signalled the brain to the huddle of muscles which make the front of a politician's head such a ghastly little theatre. Or, rather, that is what the Pardoe brain wanted us to think. But all he said, between tight and dignified lips, was a simple and masterly 'yes'. It was enough to make a cat laugh, if it had a zygomaticus major as elastic as my own.

Weekend Competition

No 2412 Set by Little Keith

'Try the famous echo in the British Museum reading room.' Time for a re-run of the veteran Unhelpful Advice to Foreigners comp. Perhaps, too, some competitors might like to try a variation of it. A denizen of London's Bayswater, I constantly find myself having to negotiate 200-strong packs of Italianate tourers, several gross of panting, identical Germans, etc. It would cheer me up if I thought their *guides* had been issued with some unhelpful advice. Entries by 28 May.

Result of No 2409 Set by Walter Baby

Eponymous heroes and heroines were given a chance to get their own back on their creators: *Henry Fielding* by Tom Jones, *G. M. Hopkins* by Felix Randal.

Report by The Lemon Kid

Out comes the dreaded lemon again, and Spiro Keats cops a good squirt for failing to put a 12-line limit on verse entries (an omission greedily exploited by two of our winners). Actually, this week's was a large and pretty creditable showing, though only Roger Margison showed the initial audacity of which Mr Baby had dreamt. £6 apiece; and honourable mentions to Locke, Paul, Schroeder, Anthony, Skinner and Digby.

William Blake by The Tiger

William, William, you weren't right
Attributing my muscled might
To some Being in the sky;
You evolved as well as I.

Fish and flesh and fowl arise
From unnumber'd random tries
Out of mud and out of mire
In the sun's creative fire.

Who blinker'd you? Was your art
Harness'd to the heavy cart
Of mysticism? In the seat
What the spectre drove your feet?

Were you weighed down by the chain
Of nerve-cells that the human brain
With fearful symmetry must clasp?
Did you dread its insane grasp?

Was that why you filled men's ears
With your sublimated fears,
Suggesting in your poetry
That some ghostly Lamb made me?

ROGER MARGISON

The Great Fitzgerald by Jay Gatsby

The moon rose like a giant poker chip, and in its cold refulgence excited bodies jostled at the edge of the pool to watch their host. He paused on the tiles, as if to bid farewell to the saxophones whose thin wail drifted vaguely through the patio doors. As he took his first step on the golden water, a hundred sleek heads bent forward, and I felt an enchanted promise in the urgent grip on my arm of the girl beside me.

'Ah!' There was a sudden exhalation of wonder. I lifted my eyes and met for the first time the wide green eyes of Fitzgerald as they vanished with a ghostly arrested motion beneath the surface. In the next second, only a pale champagne glass bobbing on the iridescent wavelets bore its fragile testimony to his prodigious, drunken imagination.

BASIL RANSOME

Milton by Lycidas

Observe in each line th'obsessive lexical twitch
The elegiac mantle scarce conceals his itch:
Why, Milton's a Satyr still!
For we were nurst upon the self-same swill
Served up by Myrtle and Ivy with comments crude
He'd pluck their Berries with his fingers rude
And say their rural Ditties were very fine
And offer to shatter their leaves, the uncouth swine
And into their folds his privy paw intrude.
'My great two-handed Engine,' he would cry
'Stands ready to smite!' And off he'd fly
To sport with buxom Doris in the hay –
He called her his Doric lay.
Then back to College with a wild halloo:
'Tomorrow to fresh woods, and postures new!'

TOM DONNELLY

Henry James by Daisy Miller

Requested by our hostess to sit by her, M James could hardly do otherwise; though was at once conscious of the sharp discomfor occasioned him by *his* consciousness of th slight fraying of the gold brocade on his chair seat. 'Mr James,' I loudly accosted him, 'you friend, Count Frutti' (the totally worthles young man with whom, to scandalise expatriat society, it had amused me most conspicuousl to promenade the Corso) 'being indisposec wonders whether you will deputise for him an explore the Colosseum with me at midnigh The moon can be our chaperone.' I thoug the ridiculous old creature would have veri ably suffocated with embarrassment – if h sudden awareness of a venial imperfection i the fastening of one of the more intimate c his nether accoutrements had not, just the wrung him with a yet acuter pang.

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

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Assiac

Chess Board

No 1381 **Second Leg Up**

When last year after his splendid victory in the London Tournament I could headline my piece 'Leg up for Tony' all his many well-wishers hoped that the second G.M. 'leg' would come about some time soon. Well, as we were all delighted to hear it has happened in the recent strong Dubna Tournament where, scoring the G.M. norm (9 out of 15) Miles was very much on his mettle, such as (Black against Dontschenko) in a Q & P v. Q ending requiring infinite patience and precision. 24/5QK1/1p2q3/3k4/16/.

56) Qf1†,Kc2; 57) Qf2†,Kc3; 58) Qf6†,Qd4; 59) Qc6†,Kb2; 60) Qg2†,Kc1; 61) Qc6†,Qc3; 62) Qh1†, Kb2; 63) Qe4,b3; 64) Kh4,Qc5; 65) Qg2†,Ka3; 66) Qa8†,Kb4; 67) Qb7†,Ka4; 68) Qa8†,Qa5; 69) Qc6†, Ka3! Contriving that any check would involve forced Q-swop; **70) Qf3,Ka2; 71) Qf7,Qe1†; 72) Kh3,Qe4!; 73) Qa7†,Kb1; 74) Qg1†,Kc2; 75) Qh2†,Kc3; 76) Qc7†,Kd2!; 77) Qa5†,Ke2** Once again depriving the Queen of the chance of checking; **78 Qa1,Qd3†; 79) Kh4,Qc4†;** and since 80) Kh5 would be countered by . . . Qb5† and 81) . . . b2 White resigned.

When Black against Averkin Tony had a rather more subtle ending to contend with and, what's more, the vital decision had to be taken on his 40 move, just before the time-control. 'Not many players', says Theo Schuster in *Schachblätter*, 'would come to the courageous decision to give up the precious passed P.' /8/5k1Kt/3pplpB/3kt4/8/2pK2Pl/rb2RPlP/8/.

40) . . . c2!!; 41)Ktg5†,Ke7 Practically forced to avoid mating threats on the back-rank; **42) Re6:†, Kd7; 43) Kc2:,Bf6†; 44) Kb3,Rb2†; 45) Ka3,Rb5!** That's how far Miles must have exactly envisaged it while sealing his move before the adjournment; **46) Re2,Ktc3; 47) Rc2,Bd4!** Forcing the opponent to give up the exchange on account of the mating threat; **48) Rc3:,Bc3:; 49) Kte4,Bd4; 50) f3,d5; 51) Ktd2,Bc3; 52) Ktb3,Kc6; 53) Be3,Rb8; 54 Ka2,Kb5;** 0-1.

Most of Tony's work in that tough tournament was dour heavy-weight, stuff, except (White against Plachetka) the only 'push-over'.

1) e4,c5; 2) f4 Obviously meaning to take his opponent out of the all too regular route, **Ktf6; 3) Ktc3,d5; 4) e5,d4 5) ef:,dc:; 6) fg:,cd:†; 7) Qd2:, Qd2:†; 8) Bd2:, Bg7:; 9) 0-0-0,Bf5; 10) Kte2,Ktc6; 11) Be3,Rc8** The c-pawn now covered thanks to the threat of . . . Ktb4; **12) Ktg3,Bg4; 13) Rd5!,Bd4; 14) Bd4:,cd:** Still worse would be . . . Ktd4:; 15) c3,Kte6; 16) f5,etc; **15) Bb5,Bd7; 16) Kte4,Rd8; 17) Bc6:!,bc:** Obviously . . . Bc6:?? would be punished by **18) Ktf6†! & Re1†; 18) Rd4:** With a P up and practically a winning position, **Bf5; 19) Ra4,Rd7; 20) Ktg3,Be6; 21) Rd1,Rc7; 22) f5,Bc8; 23) Rb4,e5; 24) Kte4,Ke7; 25) f6†,Ke6; 26) h4!** and Black resigned in view of the threats Rd6† & Ktg3†.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a position in which the Grandmaster (who shared 3rd to 6th with Miles, Savon and Suetin) forced surrender by one spectacular move (his opponent having just blundered . . . Qd5). For 6 ladder-points **B** is a win resolved in 5 moves and child's play with my helpful hint that this is a duel, a Bishop outwitting a Rook. **C** (for 7) is a win too achieved in 7 moves of the main variation and its 'echo'. Usual prizes, entries by 17 May.

A: Gipslis-Kostro: /r3ktr1k/1bp1b1pp/4Pp2/p1pq1Kt1Q/Kt2p1B2/6R1/PPP2PPP/R5K1/.

B: V. Kosek 1922: /2kt4k/r6p/4BK2/p7/8/4p2kt/1B6/8/.

C: Havel: /16/5Kt2/6P1/5k2/5pp1/8/4K3/.

Report on No 1376 *Set 2 April*

A: 1) . . . Ktf3†!; 2) gf:,Qf3:; 3) Kf1,Qh1†; 4) Ke2,Bg4†; 5) Ke3,Qf3†; etc.

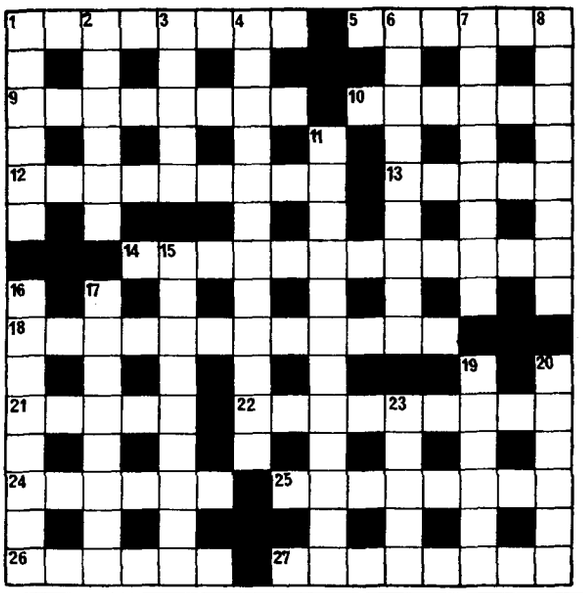
B: 1) Kth3:!,Kd2; 2) Ktg1,c5; 3) Ktg1,c5; 4) Kg2,c4; 5) Kh4,c2; 6) h3!, and stalemate inevitable.

C: 1) Rb3†,Ka4; 2) Rb7,Bf2:; 3) Rb4†,Ka5; 4) Rb3,a1=Q(R); 5) Ra3†, etc. Or **4) . . . Bc5; 5) Rb8,Ka6; 6) Kc5:,Ka7; 7) Rb4!,a1=Q; 8) Ra4†,** etc.

Prizes: E. Allan, R. Brown, J. R. Holland, J. T. Naylor, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

Weekend Crossword 1164

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1164, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 25 May.



ACROSS

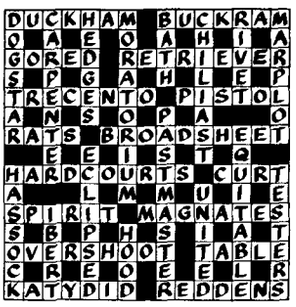
1. The expansive manner which actors aim at (8).
5. Unusual forces go to make a work of art (6).
9. Ancient Mariner and his mate could be sold last (3,5).
10. If Healey lost this opportunity he would have the list back (6).
12. A penny is the price for liberation (9).
13. Colour which is forever in the book (5).
14. A quick hundred during a collapse, and this gives one a drink (12).
18. A man cunning about his promise to return in triumph (12).
21. There is nothing missing from the fruit in this cooker (5).
22. Drink which gives veteran victory by one point (9).
24. It is quite clear the devil is in cover (6).
25. Grew thin or rushed back and got married (8).
26. Support for short time (6).
27. I afterwards hold a party for an enthusiastic admirer (8).

DOWN

1. Waterways which will serve as minor thoroughfares (6).
2. 'The —— hath borne most (*King Lear*) (6).
3. The final result which gets into a side at half-time (5).
4. Reform the locals in various possible ways (12).
6. Practice in which one again listens to nearly everything (9).
7. Town in which one composer's mistress is found with another (8).
8. Wrongly prove that is right although past its best (8).
11. Island discovered in fresh territory (12).
15. Island Smith provided for an African (9).
16. Garments one of which would do for sovereign (8).
17. In distribution of income the company is thrifty (8).
19. Rhyming fool (6).
20. One who puts a stop to gravity in sex? (6).
23. 'Retirement, —— quiet, friendship, books' (Thomson) (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1162



Prizewinners to No 1162

N. G. H. Thomas (Brussels)
Dr Kay Stevenson (Colchester)
S. G. Waterton (Ontario)

Holidays

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, 16-19!

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This is an opportunity to spend a week hiking through the country and at the same time explore and develop yourself as a person.

Possibility to extend your stay before and after the programme in our International Summer School.

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Tel: (0364) 52373

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HOLIDAY FLAT West London, sleeps 3. June to Sept. £20 p.w. Tel. 567 8913.

IRELAND: MAYO COTTAGE, well-equipped, sleeps 7, near lakes/sea. Available May/June £15 weekly. 01-789 7438.

LAND'S END: Old Mill, sleep 7. 3-17 July, 4-18 Sept. St Buryan 496.

Publications

WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & catalogues issued on most areas. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

BOOK FAIR. Meet 15 Provincial Booksellers at the Kenilworth Hotel, Great Russell St, WC1, 17-18 May. Mon. 12-8, Tues. 10-3.30. Thousands of O/P and antiquarian books for sale.

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LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254.

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HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Attractive family house, easy reach University & central London. Large living-room & kitchen, 3 bedrooms, study, garden. Vacant end July 'til early September. £50 p.w. Box 3984.

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TO LET 5 July-5 Sept. Maisonette, fully, comfortably equipped, lge lvgrm, 2 bdrms, could sleep 5, use of gdn, £32 p.w. incl. (excl. phone). 60 Grafton Terrace, NW5 (nr Hampstead) 267 4271.

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SOCIABLE BUSINESSMAN bachelor, early 30s, sks furn. accom., pref. s/c., near to central London. 985 7082 evenings.

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APPOINTMENTS

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Social Services Department
Radcliffe Infirmary

SENIOR SOCIAL WORKERS

£3,366-£4,095

Applications are invited from professionally qualified Social Workers, preferably with hospital experience, to join a well established department of ten qualified Social Workers and two Social Work Assistants, to head EITHER the team of four Social Workers taking referrals from the DIVISION OF MEDICINE, or the team of three Social Workers and one Social Work Assistant taking referrals from the DIVISION OF SURGERY. Both team assignments include work with professional units and specialities and offer opportunities for developing special interests. Senior duties relate to staff and student supervision and an awareness of needs of both the team and the Division, as well as carrying responsibility for casework from a specific unit. There is a student unit and interest in training social work and other students is encouraged. There is close inter-relation with other hospital and community colleagues and good secretarial support.

Removal and resettlement allowances payable in appropriate cases.

Informal enquiries for both posts to Miss S. Perera, Head Social Worker, Oxford 49891, ext. 285.

Application forms from the Director of Social Services, The Moors, Kidlington, Oxford, OX5 2AL, to whom they should be returned by 29 May 1976.

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS— INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

A number of research assistants are required by an organisation involved with ANALYSIS OF DEVELOPMENTS IN INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS and particularly of new laws including the *EMPLOYMENT PROTECTION ACT*, the rules on *CLOSED SHOP STRUCTURES* and the *HEALTH AND SAFETY AT WORK ACT*.

Applicants should have university qualifications in law, economics or related areas. Ideally they should have studied and have experience of industrial relations or industrial safety rules. Industrial relations advisers and trade union research officers, for example, will possess relevant experience.

Experience of public speaking, either generally, or lecturing on the topics indicated, will be an additional consideration.

Remuneration is negotiable within wide bands, depending on position offered to a successful applicant. Terms and conditions of employment are most favourable.

In the first instance applicants should send full description of education and experience to:

EEC STUDIES
1076 HARROW ROAD
LONDON NW10 5NL

MIND

(National Association for Mental Health)

An active, campaigning charity seeks a competent, committed Accountant. MIND promotes the cause of mental health through lobbying, training and pilot projects. We need a creative person to ensure that our inevitably limited resources are used to the greatest effect on behalf of the mentally disordered.

Besides being qualified in accountancy with two or more years experience, the person we appoint would also contribute professionally to the development of MIND's policies and activities. The post may be of particular interest to a fairly young, recently qualified person who wants to use his or her professional capabilities in a socially useful and interesting way.

The appointment is for 6 months in the first instance but could be extended into a permanent position for the right person. The salary is within the £4,000 - £4,500 p.a. range and is negotiable.

If you are interested, telephone (01-637 0741) Tony Smythe or John Barter in the first instance to talk about the job. Application forms and further details in writing may be obtained from the Chief Administration and Finance Officer, MIND 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED.

Applications close on 24 May.

SCHOOLS COUNCIL

Schools Council Publications Section has a vacancy for a

PROJECT EDITOR

to work with curriculum projects, printers and publishers. This post requires good production experience, preferably in low-cost methods. Experience in educational publishing desirable.

Salary on scale £2,555 (age 25) rising to £3,670. London weighting (£465) and pay supplement (£313) in addition. Applicants over age 25 may enter the scale at a higher point depending on age and experience.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from Mr A. Marshall, Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352 Ext 351. Closing date for receipt of applications is Friday 4 June 1976.

UNION OF POST OFFICE WORKERS

A vacancy exists for a

RESEARCH POSITION

in an International Trade Union office in Geneva.

The successful applicant will be a graduate, preferably in economics, who has either studied labour problems, or who has some experience of industrial relations.

The principal task will be to follow technological and economic development in the Posts, Telephones and Telegraph industries, to study conditions of employment and industrial relations in those industries and on a comparative basis, and to edit a quarterly publication with articles on these subjects. Further, the job involves the writing of reports and short articles on a variety of trade union matters.

The successful applicant will also have a good working knowledge of at least one foreign language, preferably German or French.

The starting salary will be within the range of £6,000 - £8,000 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, plus holiday pay equal to one month's salary, a good pension scheme and a short working week. Salary adjusted regularly to compensate for cost of living increases.

Applications giving personal particulars, references and if possible, some written work, should be sent to **Mr. Tom Jackson, General Secretary, U.P.W. House, Crescent Lane, London SW4 9RN, by 31 May 1976.**

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AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited for appointment to the following:

RESEARCH SCHOOL OF PACIFIC STUDIES

SENIOR RESEARCH FELLOW AND RESEARCH FELLOW:

DEPARTMENT OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS (2 POSTS)

Two posts, one at the level of Senior Research Fellow and one at the level of Research Fellow, are available from December 1976 in the Department of International Relations, whose alternate Heads are Professors J. D. B. Miller and Hedley Bull.

The Department is interested in a wide range of international questions, including the theory of world politics, the international politics of the Asian-Pacific region and the Third World, Australian foreign and defence policies, strategic studies, and the politics of international economics. Applications are invited from persons qualified in any of these fields.

Further information may be obtained from Professor Miller in the University, or Professor Bull who is on study leave at All Souls College, Oxford.

Closing Date: 25 June 1976.

SALARIES: Salary on appointment to the posts will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the ranges: Senior Research Fellow $A18,282-$A21,335 p.a.; Research Fellow $A12,834 - $A17,113 p.a. Current exchange rates are $A1 : 67p : $US: 1.23.

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The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

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Poetry

THE POETS: John Heath-Stubbs & Frederick Grubb will read in The Wine Bar, King's Arm Pub, Sloane Square, SW1, on Wed. 19 May at 8 p.m. (nearest Tube Sloane Sq.) Entrance: 50p, Students 30p, OAPs 20p. (This event has been organised with financial assistance from The London Poetry Secretariat) Arranged by New Arena of Arts.

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Meetings

PRACTICAL BUDDHISM OF TIBET. Alfred Vial. *Newcomers welcome. 7 p.m. Tues. 18* May. The Tibet Society of the UK, 46 Belgrave Square, SW1. 01-235 3720. Open 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Mon.-Thurs. & Sat. Programme, details of facilities, Newsletter, crafts, etc *on request.*

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE will hold a 'Présentation-débat du Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou (Plateau Beaubourg)' with Robert Bordaz, Président, Ponthus Hulten, Director du Musée d'Art Moderne, & Richard Rogers, Architecte du Centre, on Wed. 19 May at 6 p.m. at 17 Queensberry Place, London SW7. Adm. free.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION between Lyall Watson and John Taylor on 'The Boundaries of Science'. Chaired by Colin Wilson. At The Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, London W1. *Thurs. 3 June at 7 p.m. Admission* free. Send s.a.e. for tickets to Judith Ward, Hodder & Stoughton, St Paul's House, Warwick Lane, London EC4.

AFRICA CENTRE: 'A Fair Share of What *Little We Have.' BBC film on Tanzanian* Health Service. Discussion with Dr Stirling, Tanzanian Minister of Health. Mon. 17 May 6.30 p.m Admission 40p, students 25p. 38 King St, WC2.

ISRAEL & SOUTH AFRICA. Paul Joseph, member of the African National Congress & Barnet Anti-Apartheid, will speak on this subject at Young Mapam, 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6 (nearest tube Finchley Rd) on Sun. 16 May at 8 p.m. sharp. All welc.

H. G. WELLS SOCIETY Annual General Meeting. Saturday 22 May at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1, at 11a.m. Guest speaker: Anthony West.

THEODOR HERZL SOCIETY & Lond. Univ. (E.M.Dept.), 57 Eton Ave, NW3. Tues. 18 May 8.15 p.m. History of the Holy Land. Dr Meir Gertner: 'Chassidim, Chovevim, Chalutzim – Mainsprings of National Revival'. (postponed from 6 April).

INTER-ACTION Community Arts Trust needs summer volunteers and full-time workers with practical skills for: Projects with unemployed school leavers; Fun-Art Farm and Riding School; Dogg's Troupe Shows; Community Video; Talacre Adventure Playground; Community Publishing. In-service training provided. Come to our open Evenings every Wednesday in May 7.30 p.m. 14 Talacre Road, NW5, for introduction to work of Inter-Action and demonstration of the Game Method. Further information: Wendy Buonaventura 01-267 1422.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF BRITAIN (Marxist-Leninist) is organising a series of meetings/films on aspects of the International situation, on consecutive Fridays, 7.30 p.m. from 21 May at Bellman Bookshop, 155 *Fortess Rd, NW5. (Tufnell Park Tube).*

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, 54 Holland Park, W11. Sun. 16 May 5 p.m. Swami Bhavyananda on 'The Katha Upanishad'. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 40p.

YOUNG FABIAN GROUP. Brian Gould to speak Tues. 18 May 7.30 onwards. 11 Dartmouth St. SW1. All welcome.

'ORWELL AND HIS MESSAGES': T. F. Evans. Sun. 16 May 11 a.m. Tuesday discussion on theme 'Mind and Brain', Tues. 18 May 7 p.m. 'The Psychology of Dying': Dr J. A. A. Nichols. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 01-242 8032.

THE COMING WORLD TEACHER and the Masters of The Ageless Wisdom: from the esoteric Teachings of The Master D.K. to *Alice A. Bailey for The New Age. Talk by* Benjamin Creme, Friends' House, Euston Rd, NW1. Tues. 18 May 7 p.m. Free.

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